# The Wellesley Magazine

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Vol. IV——November, 1895——No. 2

Entered in the Post Office at Wellesley, Mass., as second-class matter.

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# THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

VOL. IV. WELLESLEY, NOVEMBER 9, 1895. No. 2.

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THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE is published monthly, from October to June, by a board of editors chosen from the Senior Class.

All literary contributions may be sent to Miss J. H. Batchelder, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All items of college interest, and communications to be inserted in the department of Free Press, will be received by Miss Mary Hefferan, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

All alumnæ news should be sent to Miss Maude R. Keller, Wellesley, Mass.

Advertising business is conducted by Miss Annie H. Peaks, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions to the MAGAZINE and other business communications should in all cases be sent to Miss Cora E. Stoddard, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Terms, $2.00 per year; single copies, 25 cents. Payment should be made by money order.

## HOUSEKEEPING IN BERLIN.

EVERY year it is becoming more the fashion and custom for Americans to go abroad and remain in continental cities for purposes of recreation and study. Paris has doubtless a larger number of "Americans," as all from the western coast of the Atlantic are called by those on its eastern shores, than has any other European city; but those who have tried both Berlin and Paris will tell you that, in spite of the gayety and attractions of the French metropolis, they prefer the German city for permanent residence. I have never kept house in Paris, so I can make no comparisons, and I have never lived for any length of time in any continental city but Berlin; but a fifteen months' experience in that city as a housekeeper has given me sufficient data to speak with accuracy and fullness upon housekeeping in Berlin. Others who have lived there may differ from me on many points; hence I wish to emphasize the fact that what I say is to be regarded merely as the experience of the writer.

For those who would keep house in Berlin, apartments are attractive and rents moderate. I say "apartments" because apartments only are to be

had, since the Germans, with the exception of the nobility and the extremely wealthy, never think of living in a whole house in a city like Berlin. The Berlin apartment houses are built on an entirely different plan from those in this country. The law requires that one third of the area of the building lot be left free as an open court. All the houses are built around a large court, and the rooms are lighted by windows on the street or this court; small air shafts are thus unnecessary; the ventilation is good, and dark rooms are seldom found, though many apartments have dark halls. The court is usually paved, and sometimes is rendered quite attractive by a small garden with grass and flowers, which usually belongs to the occupants of the first floor. Since the law forbids the erection of a house to a height greater than the width of the street on which it stands, Berlin houses rarely have more than four stories, and in the older parts of the city, where the streets are narrow, they have only two stories and a basement. Since very few, and these only the most expensive and newest houses, have elevators in them, one is very thankful that this law exists,—limiting the height of the houses,—for the stairs would be an insurmountable objection to many apartments otherwise desirable.

The average Berlin apartment is extremely attractive and commodious in its general arrangement. The rooms are all larger and lighter, and the ceilings higher than in the average New York flat. Two general plans of arrangement prevail, the differences depending almost entirely upon whether the house has one or two entrances. The apartments which have two entrances, one on the street and a rear entrance from the court, are most desirable. The front door opens as a rule into a small hall, off of which open the parlors, dining room, and one bedroom. The parlors front on the street, and the dining room, with one large window on the court, forms the connecting link between the front rooms and the back hall, and is so characteristic a feature of the Berlin apartment that it is called the "Berline Zimmer" or "Berlin room." From the back hall, running parallel to the length of the court, open the bedrooms, bathroom, and kitchen, and the back stairs communicating with the court, cellar, and attic.

In the houses with but one entrance the arrangement is decidedly inferior. The first room to be passed on entering the front and only entrance is the kitchen, because all supplies have to be carried up the front

stairs. In order to reach the parlor one must go through a long hall, pass all the bedrooms, bathroom, and kitchen, and must know exactly what has been cooking for dinner; that is, if one can distinguish the fresh odors from those that have been prevalent for the past week. In both kinds of flats the rooms are always light, but the halls are usually dark. Some light is admitted through ground-glass panels in the bedroom doors, and occasionally a small balcony at the end of the hall on the court takes the place of an end room, and the glass doors opening upon it give plenty of light and possibility for good ventilation.

All the houses are furnished with the city water, which is excellent, fairly good plumbing, and gas. The outside halls and court are kept clean by a porter, who lives in the basement, and who usually carries on a little business of some sort, so that all the houses, even in the purely residential parts of the city, have shops under them. The porter locks up at ten each evening, and unless the occupants of the apartments carry their night keys when they are out in the evening the porter must be aroused, generally with great difficulty, and a fee must be given for his trouble.

Each tenant has a small locked bin in the cellar in which to keep his coal and wood, and a small attic room for the storage of trunks. There is but one pantry in a Berlin flat, and that is in the kitchen. Wardrobes must be used in all the rooms, and cupboards must stand in the dining room and halls. The better Berlin apartments are handsomely finished and decorated, having really beautiful inlaid hard-wood floors in the parlors and dining room, stained floors in the bedrooms, and tiled floor and lower walls in the kitchen.

In heating apparatus the Berliners are far behind the "Americans." Steam heat and hot air are practically unknown. All the rooms are heated by large stoves, reaching from floor to ceiling, made of colored or white porcelain tiles, with brass or nickel doors and trimmings, some of the stoves being exceedingly artistic and ornamental, while others are painfully suggestive of a family monument. Brickets of pressed coal are burned, and the fire must be made every morning, and in very cold weather twice or three times a day. The fireplace, which is small, is in the lower part of the stove, while the whole upper part is filled with a long coil of iron pipe. A little paper and a few small bits of kindling wood are laid in the fireplace, and from ten to twenty brickets placed on top of them. This is lighted, and allowed

to burn with open door until the brickets are all aglow and just ready to crumble. The double doors are then closed and screwed up tight with a key, so that no draught can enter. In a short time the tiles begin to radiate a gentle heat, communicated to them by the coil of iron pipe, which holds the heat for some hours. At no time is the stove so hot that one cannot bear his hand on it, and these "Berline Oefen," as they are called, are made with ornamental mantels on them. With these stoves the rooms may be kept very comfortable, but the floors are usually very cold.

The kitchen stove is a curious structure to American eyes. It is made of white porcelain tiles, with polished brass doors and trimmings and cast-iron top. The ordinary German "Kochmachine" has but one hole, which is directly over the grate, but this is covered by a series of concentric rings, so that it may be made to suit a pot of any size. Directly over the grate and around this hole the stove becomes very hot, but on any other part of the stove dishes may be set with perfect safety. A mixture of coke and soft coal is burned, and the fire is allowed to go out after each meal, since it is so easily lighted and burns so freely that one can make a fresh fire and have boiling water in from fifteen to twenty minutes. The baking ovens, two in number, are back of the stove, and are heated by a separate fire. The oven may be heated in about twenty minutes, and is admirably adapted for meats; but the heat from below is so great that puddings, cakes, etc., will burn black on the bottom before they are half baked through or browned on top. I found after considerable experiment that a sheet of asbestos paper a quarter of an inch thick served to cut off the direct heat and diffuse it more generally throughout the oven, and rendered it possible to bake all our popular American delicacies with success, but bread could not be well baked in our German oven. Water for dishwashing, etc., must usually be heated in kettles on the stove, and a separate fire must be made under a large boiler in the bathroom when hot water is desired there.

Rents are moderate in Berlin; for less than forty dollars a month one can get a flat of at least eight rooms and bath, all large, well lighted and finished, and surpassing in every particular a flat of the same price in New York, and the house will be located in a most desirable part of the city, convenient to all car lines, fine markets, and shops. Furniture also may be rented at very reasonable rates, the prices, of course, varying with the style and quantity selected.

Having obtained a flat, the next question to be settled by one planning to reside in Berlin would be that great one, "the servant question." Until I went to Germany to live, and heard the German housewives condole with one another over their domestic troubles, I had supposed that in the "Fatherland," if anywhere, the good old conditions of domestic felicity existed, and that servants in Germany were as a rule trustworthy and permanent; but, alas! observation has fully convinced me to the contrary. Fortunately, very fortunately, I had little or no trouble myself, for by some lucky chance I had to come in contact with but two maids during my fifteen months' experience; but when I saw no less than eight servants come and go in a neighboring flat inside of five months, I felt sure that something was radically wrong somewhere. I do not care to discuss the servant question of Germany or of the United States, but, like every question, it has two sides. There is the side of the maid and that of the mistress; and I think that if the question should come to an issue in either country, in Germany I would side with the maid, and at home with the mistress. Much might be said of the relation of the maid to her German mistress, the result of observation, but I do not purpose to give anything but the result of experience; hence I shall tell only the conditions as I found them, and as every Berlin resident must find them.

The work which must be required of a servant in a Berlin apartment is hard. All the coal and wood has to be carried by her from the cellar to the floor occupied by the family she serves, no elevators being provided even for this purpose. In cold weather she must keep sufficient fuel on hand for the stoves, from five to ten in number, and must light these stoves daily,—some of them before the family are up,—so that the rooms may be warm when they arise. The brass and nickel on the stoves must be polished; the hard-wood floors waxed and polished, the rugs shaken, and the large windows, all of which have double sashes, must be frequently washed. All this is outside the kitchen. Washing may be done in the house, for a large laundry is usually to be found in the basement, and a drying room in the attic. But the American resident usually prefers to send the washing out to a laundry or washwoman. Besides the housework, the housekeeper is obliged to make a demand upon her servant rarely made here; viz., the going to market. Every mistress must either go to market or send her maid, for goods are not delivered as they are here, without a fee to the

carrier, and the servant must daily take her big basket and net with handles and walk behind her mistress, taking all her purchases, and carrying often a very heavy load.

The room provided for a servant in the flats is usually very small and inconvenient, and in many of the older houses the accommodation made for them would not be tolerated here by either mistress or servant. I have been in many houses where the servant's room, if it could be so called, was only a sort of loft made by putting a floor half way up to the ceiling in the bath room. This loft was lighted by half of the bath-room window, and was reached by a short ladder. I have been in a flat where the kitchen pantry was divided in the same way; and in one case I saw a loft built in the corner of the kitchen to furnish a sleeping place for a third servant, when the one over the bath room, about five by ten feet, was used by two others. The American housekeeper will not give her maid such a room, and she will give her good furnishings for the room she does have. I once heard a German lady say, and she was a kind, large-hearted woman, too, "Why, can you believe it? Frau —— lets her servant have a washstand in her room, and white sheets on her bed!" This was, perhaps, an exceptional remark, yet much observation made me feel that there were good reasons why the American housekeepers kept their servants a good while and found them honest and faithful.

The average wages for the "maid of all work" is from twelve to sixteen marks, or from three to four dollars per month, but a good servant may earn four dollars and a half or even five dollars. In some cases they are given higher wages, but are then expected to feed themselves; but in arrangements of this kind the wages are not proportionally high enough, and a girl is sometimes found to be dishonest. The faithful servant who remains some time in her place expects, and receives, a present of about three or five dollars at Christmas. The servants are usually paid in "thalers" or three-mark silver pieces, and I had always supposed they preferred these large pieces to smaller coin, until one time being unable to get the thalers readily our servant was paid with a gold piece. She clapped her hands and danced for joy like a little child, and told me excitedly it was the first gold piece she had ever owned. Most servants expect that if they break things their wages will be reduced by the value of the article broken, but the regulation of this

matter lies wholly in the hands of the mistress. A servant rarely expects more than one "evening out" in two weeks.

In Berlin certain police regulations exist, which are strictly enforced, and which protect both servant and employer from any imposition on the part of either party, if the other chooses to complain. In the first place every servant is required to register at the police station of the district into which she comes. This must be done within three days after change of residence, and must be accompanied by formal dismissal from the district which she leaves. Every servant is obliged to keep a book, which must contain her references and recommendations, and in which her mistress must write, if she discharges her, the grounds she had for so doing. A mistress may not discharge a girl under fifteen days' notice when she is engaged by the month, nor may a servant leave on shorter notice; but if the maid be engaged by the year, as is often the case, change can be made only at the end of the quarter. If a mistress insists on a servant's leaving before the end of the quarter, she must pay her wages until the end of the quarter, unless it can be proved that the girl has been dishonest, in which case she is dealt with by the police. The law requires that every servant shall be insured against sickness or inability to work, by the purchase of government stamps weekly. These stamps are pasted in a book, their value varying with the wages received: they are in some cases paid for by the servant and in others by the mistress, according to the arrangement when the engagement is made.

A society exists for the protection of the mistress in cases where the maid has been engaged for a long period, and for any reason becomes disabled; for the mistress is obliged to care for the servant until the expiration of the period, when the government becomes responsible. By paying seventy-five cents a year to this society a mistress may be relieved at once of the care of her disabled servant. When the American lady goes to Berlin she has to find out all these things by degrees, and often by bitter experience. She must learn what is expected of her as a mistress, and what she may and must expect of her German maid; but it is safe to say that she can readily obtain a good honest girl, and that the latter will be contented and happy, and will have never enjoyed such privileges and had so much consideration shown her as she will find in her home with an American mistress.

Having secured an apartment and competent help, housekeeping in Berlin is easily carried on, and a very good table, and a good American table, may be set without extraordinary efforts at catering. If the family catered for like German dishes the variety may be greater, and of course the American lady who keeps house in Berlin must herself superintend the cooking if it is to be done in American fashion; and my experience was that all cakes, desserts, etc., must be made and cooked by oneself, since the average German servant has never done anything but plain cooking, and has never seen any such things made in the German households in which she has lived. The average servant in Germany seems much more dependent than the servant in this country, this dependence being, doubtless, the result of the close personal supervision of the German mistress. The American lady must keep a strict watch and give many lessons, else the family will fare badly, for the meats and vegetables will receive remarkable treatment in some cases. Our servants had neither of them ever seen anything broiled, had never heard of mashed potatoes, and had never seen toast made; and as for a pie or a boiled fruit pudding, the idea had never entered their heads that such things could be, although both maids were exceedingly capable and well-trained in most respects.

Bread, as I said above, cannot be baked in the ordinary German kitchen stove, and hence one must buy all the bread used. Most Americans learn to like the German "black bread," made of rye and wheat, and all like the delicious little crusty rolls, or "Broedchen." Besides these, good white bread can be obtained at all the bakeries, which are numerous, since all Berliners buy their bread. Milk is readily obtained, and good, pure milk. One man, C. Bolle, has the monopoly of the milk trade of the city, and a visit to the headquarters of the establishment at 99 Alt Moabit is well worth the effort. Milk raw and sterilized, skimmed milk, cream, whipped cream and butter, are delivered by Bolle's wagons, and all of the very best. The raw milk is sold for five and one-quarter cents a liter, a liter being a little less than a quart. Skimmed milk is two and one-half cents, sterilized milk is eleven and one-quarter cents, cream twenty cents a liter, and butter is sold at from thirty-five cents to forty-five cents a pound, the price being regulated by the age, the highest in price being that sold on the day it is made.

Groceries are obtained in shops, and most of our standard groceries can

be had. Canned goods, such as peas, beans, etc., are inferior to the American goods, corn cannot be found, and tomatoes are strained and made into a kind of sauce, good for flavoring soups, but for no other purpose. One will look in vain for the fancy biscuits and crackers so abundant and in such variety here, and will sigh over some prices. Most of the staple groceries bring the same prices as they do here, but flour is sold at the rate of about sixteen dollars a barrel. Sugar costs about a cent a pound more than it does here, and is all beet sugar. Coffee when roasted is always burned perfectly black. Good Java coffee is worth forty cents a pound, and unless one roasts one's own coffee it must be made in the German fashion, which demands the burning that is always given to the bean.

Berlin is well supplied with markets. There are in the city twelve large covered "Markt hallen," and several open-air markets are held on market days in various parts of the city. The market halls are open daily from six A. M. until one P. M., and then closed for cleaning, and reopened from five until eight, and on Saturdays from five until nine. Tuesday and Friday are market days, and on these days especially fine fruit, vegetables, and poultry may be found, since the peasants come in from the country with their produce. In all the Berlin market halls one may buy fresh and smoked meats and fish, poultry, domestic and foreign fruits, vegetables, eggs, butter, cheese, lard, sausages in immense variety, bread and cakes, flowers, baskets, wooden ware, brushes, ropes, twines, and staple groceries; and moreover pigeons, canary birds, white mice, gold fish and rabbits are offered among the other attractions. Nearly all the stalls are attended by women, even the butchers being of the gentler sex, and old women with large baskets strapped to their backs wait around the door, and for a few cents may be hired to carry home the purchases of the lady who has no maid with her.

The lady who would do her marketing successfully and get good prices, must be wholly indifferent to smiles and flattery, and must know what she wants, and know what is good or the contrary. One is called "my gracious lady," "my dear lady," "my beautiful Fräulein," "my bright-eyed little lady," and is urged in the most insinuating terms to buy "this wonderfully beautiful pickled herring" or "extraordinarily delicious sauerkraut" by a dozen energetic market women, most of whom speak "Plattdeutsch,"

a knowledge of which is exceedingly helpful in marketing. One must know too about the cuts of meat, and learn the peculiarities of the German "cuts," and must learn by experience that the terms carefully looked up in the dictionary before starting out are *not* the ones by which the articles are commonly called. I do not know how the German butchers cut their beeves, but I do know that one can buy neither a sirloin nor a porterhouse steak, and that the fillet is always cut out and sold at a higher price by itself.

Meats are expensive. Beef for roasting costs twenty-two and a half cents a pound, round of beef twenty cents, veal twenty-five, mutton averages eighteen and three-quarter cents and pork twenty-two. Boiled ham is forty cents and boiled tongue fifty, and all are much smaller and inferior to our American meats.

The smaller fish are kept alive in the markets in tanks of water. The "gracious Fräulein" who wishes to buy, looks into the tank and picks out her fish; the market woman then catches him in a scoop net and drops him, wriggling and flopping, into a deep scale pan. Shad, bluefish, halibut and smelts are unknown, but soles, flounders, herring and many other good but unnameable pan fish may be had at an average price of twenty cents. Norway salmon is thirty-seven and a half cents a pound, and Rhine River salmon brings seventy-five cents. Shellfish are rarely seen; the oysters are small and tasteless, and clams are unknown. Shrimps are occasionally seen, and lobsters, very, very small ones, are to be had occasionally at thirty-seven and a half cents a pound, and the shells are, of course, included in the weight.

During the winter months vegetables are scarce in the Berlin markets. Very few things except the members of the cabbage family can be found, but this family is well represented. The summer vegetables are abundant and cheap. New potatoes are twenty cents a peck, peas twenty-five cents a peck, wax beans five cents a quart, etc. Tomatoes are scarce and poor, and are worth ten cents a pound. Squash is never seen; cucumbers are abundant and cheap.

At no time of the year is fruit as cheap and abundant as it is in any of our cities. In winter, apples, oranges, and lemons are the only fruits to be obtained. Bananas are never seen in the markets, but may be bought in the *delicatessen* shops at the fabulous price of twenty-five cents apiece.

Strawberries rarely get below fifteen cents a quart; red raspberries are about the same, and currants are seven cents when cheapest. The cherries and plums surpass our fruit in quality and quantity.

In spite of some drawbacks, Berlin offers more attractions than hindrances to those Americans who wish to go abroad and reside for a time, and who desire to enjoy the comforts and pleasures of home life in the midst of a foreign people. An American can keep a truly American home in a Berlin flat, and come back to his home on this side of the water with his head full of pleasant memories and his heart full of tender recollections of the Kaiser stadt.

ETHEL PATON.

## THE INNOCENCY OF MARIA JENKYN.

IN an out-of-the-way corner of the State of New Jersey, about twelve miles from the nearest station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, the village of East William dozes, yawns, and grows gray, in unchanging calm. It is a town of absolute content. There are no poor people and no rich people. Dutchmen, Yankees, and Quakers from Pennsylvania, all live on their rich, red farm lands, and have plenty.

It was my good fortune to spend one long, sleepy summer under the elms and poplars of East William. Miss Betty Asher furnished me with board and lodging; the townsfolk, inheritors of traditions so widely differing each from the others, afforded me an interest and a study; and of amusements one has no need in East William. Miss Betty said that no one was ever bored there, within her recollection.

Miss Betty Asher came of New England stock, and her grandmother had trained her in true Vermont fashion. Miss Betty's kitchen shone with elaborate cleanliness. Miss Betty herself wore green calico dresses,—whether from choice, or as a matter of principle, I do not know,—and held in seemly reverence her "first-best" bonnet. Her house and farm were always in order. Indeed, I used, during the first days of my stay in East William, to wish that some element of disorder, or chance, or uncertainty might be introduced into the perfect regularity of our lives.

Such an element was furnished by the coming of Maria Jenkyn. I had never heard my hostess speak of Maria until, one July evening, as we sat at supper in the kitchen, with the breath of honeysuckle from the doorway striking softly across our faces now and then, Miss Betty announced her coming.

"Mari' Jenkyn's comin' back to-morrow."

"Is she?" said I. "Who is she? I don't know about her, do I?"

"No; I ain't told ye," answered Miss Betty. "She ain't nobody p'ticeler, far's I know. She's jus' Mari' Jenkyn. She's comin' to-morrow."

"Is she coming here?" I asked. "Maria Jenkyn" suggested to me a tall, faded-eyed Welsh woman, gaunt, a dyspeptic, a country school-teacher, with a bad temper and little worldly learning. Perhaps my tone was not as eager as Miss Betty had expected.

Miss Betty eyed me severely over her peaches. The light was too dim for her to see my face distinctly. A little uncomfortable silence fell between us. Then she addressed herself once more to the peaches, flinging at me, at intervals, a nod of scornful patience.

"She's comin'," reiterated Miss Betty.

"You must be very glad," I ventured. I would make any concessions for peace,—such peace as East William afforded me.

"I be," answered Miss Betty, placated at once. "She's as nice a child as ever stepped!" And nothing more could I learn from her about Maria Jenkyn that evening.

The next morning, as I wiped the breakfast dishes, Miss Betty told me the whole story of Maria's life. Her father had been a traveling tinker. One winter's night he died, overcome by drink and exposure, just outside East William. The town buried him, and Miss Betty Asher took his little daughter home with her after the funeral. She had kept the child ever since. Maria Jenkyn had been spending the week with Miss Betty's sister in Double River. Now she was coming home again, and this good Miss Betty was radiant.

I must confess that I dreaded an invasion of my Dream-Town by the newcomer. Miss Betty saw this, and taxed me with it in her frank fashion, administering in the same breath consolation and advice, and both so skillfully hashed as to seem but a cozy dish of gossip. In the end, even before

the house was "redded up" for the day, I was as eager as she to catch the flutter of Maria Jenkyn's gown from the door of Dirk Vannermadt's meat cart, as its slow wheels crawled gently along the winding red road. Maria Jenkyn was to drive down from Double River in the meat cart.

She came. Miss Betty was grim with joy, and towered up, angular and imposing, upon the doorstep, her spectacles pushed far down her nose, her green calico dress very stiff in the flounce, her "second-best" bonnet perched austerely upon her tight-drawn hair. She knit frantically all the while on a white woolen sock. Maria Jenkyn jumped down from the cart and ran up the garden path, smiling and blushing her thanks to stout Dirk Vannermadt, the butcher, who came puffing up the slope behind her, bringing his passenger's bandbox.

"How de do, Maria Jenkyn?" said Miss Betty, knitting stitches which she spent ten minutes in raveling later in the day. "Good day, Dirk."

She turned toward me and was about to introduce me, when Maria Jenkyn seized one of her hands and laid her own round little cheek against it. Miss Betty was forced to stop knitting, and in consequence could not trust herself to speak. She stood there on the stone step, ungainly and joyful. Dirk Vannermadt and I looked on.

Maria Jenkyn was very tiny. My first impression of her as she ran up the path was of a child ten or eleven years old, "dressed up" in a pink frock of her mother's, which was a trifle too long for her. I saw now that she was older, perhaps eighteen or nineteen. She was as pretty, and fresh, and dainty a bit of girlhood as I ever saw.

"Bless the innocent!" said I, involuntarily. Dirk Vannermadt's fat chuckle gave his approval of my sentiment. Miss Betty Asher extricated her hand with a jerk, and went on with her knitting, ejaculating under her breath, "Well, I should say! Well, I *should* say!" As for Maria Jenkyn, the deep blushes surged over her little face and high on the smooth, low forehead, and she stepped back, with eyes downcast, and swept me a little curtesey.

"Mis' Rayes—Mis' Sarah Rayes, N' York," explained Miss Betty, wagging her head in my direction.

That was my introduction to Maria Jenkyn.

It was wonderful how Maria Jenkyn fitted into my life there in the stone farmhouse. She never asserted herself, and in general people who never assert themselves rankle horribly in my conseiousness. Maria Jenkyn, however, was so gently forceful in her agreeing with one, that one did not miss being contradicted. Gentle, and mild, and sweet she was, but not weak. I grew to love her sweet, bent head with its brown hair drawn closely back; I loved her low voice, her blushes, her innocence.

A day or two after her return, Miss Betty, Maria Jenkyn and I were together in the kitchen. Maria was making pies, Miss Betty and I busy at dishwashing. Miss Betty was more than usually talkative.

"There's Elder Monk down there in the south meadow," reported Miss Betty, glaneing out as she passed the window on her way to the china closet.

I looked out. Down in the hay field, just beyond Miss Betty's line fence, was a marvelously homely man. He was going over the rough ground with a hand rake to gather up the wisps of hay that had been left by the machine. It was a burning day, but the Elder wore a frock coat and a tall hat. His hat fell off whenever he leaned over to bind together the gathered wisps. The frock coat dangled and flapped about his knees in an absurd fashion, and its sleeves served merely to drape his long, thin arms above the elbow.

"What makes him wear those clothes for haying?" I asked. I had learned a good deal of farm lore during my two weeks at East William.

"Pshaw!" said Miss Betty, scanning the awkward figure in great excitement. "Lands! Mari' Jenkyn! Elder Monk's out hayin' in the south meadow, an' he's got his Sunday clothes an' his tall hat on! Mari' Jenkyn! Mari' Jenkyn! Good lands! He's lookin' up here now!"

But Maria Jenkyn betrayed no enriosity; she only attended a little more closely to putting the apples evenly into her pie. Perhaps she had seen the Elder before we did.

"He's very ugly," said I.

Maria Jenkyn did not look up.

"Sh!" warned Miss Betty, mysteriously. We were silent for a little, and then Maria Jenkyn went out into the porch for a few more sour apples. Miss Betty began:—

"You oughtern't' say nothin' 'gainst Elder Monk 'fore Mari' Jenkyn. He's a-comin' here mighty reg'lar to see her, an' I calc'late she's goin' to marry him. Now, I don't regard him none, but 'taint no use to say mortal word to her. Mari' Jenkyn's that obligin' an' inn'cent she'll take up with anybody that asks her to. Thad Monk's a well-to-do man, too, if he is near in his ways. The reason he's hayin' in that there rig is——"

Maria Jenkyn came in just then. She must have caught most of Miss Betty's words, for the door stood open. She said nothing, but a little crimson spot burned in each of her peachy cheeks.

"But he is horribly homely!" I asserted, moved by a sudden, instinctive hatred of the Elder.

Maria Jenkyn rolled out her third pie crust with quiet perseverance and made no sign; yet somehow I fancied she was grateful.

The first week of August was terribly hot in East William. Even Miss Betty owned that such weather "pulled her down." One evening after the fifth of those fiery days I could not sit quietly in the porch with Miss Betty. I wandered restlessly up and down the garden and up and down the dusty road. It was already dusk, but Maria Jenkyn had not yet come back from the pasture, where she had gone to see how the spring was holding out. A sudden fancy seized me to go up to the pasture in the dark; to feel the springy softness of the moss under my feet; to brush through the blueberry bushes; to hold crumpled sweet fern leaves in the palm of my hand; to see the sleepy cows stumble to their feet at my coming; to hear the frogs and crickets shrilling from the grass around the spring. I set off down the plank road without saying anything to Miss Betty: she would call it "triflin'" to go so far for no good reason.

It was almost dark when I lowered the pasture bars. I could scarcely distinguish Miss Betty's Alderneys from the stumps and hillocks that dotted the field. I wandered idly on; it was very hot down here in the hollow. "Take that back!" said Maria Jenkyn's tone from the darkness in front of me.

I had nearly stumbled upon her. I stood still. I could not help hearing.

"You know it's so!" insisted a heavier voice. I recognized the second speaker as Gradman Luverts, the manly looking lad who kept the "store" in East William. "You know it's so! Isn't it? I know 'tis!"

"All right, Grad Luverts, if you think so! I guess I won't say 'tisn't. But you needn't have troubled to come 'way up here to plague me, seems to me. I—I don't see no use in it!"

Maria Jenkyn was roused! Evidently there was something serious on foot. I turned to flee, feeling guilty to have heard so much; but Gradman Luverts forestalled my flight. He strode by me at headlong speed. I stepped aside to let him pass. Then I stole cautiously away toward the bars, with the sound of stifled sobbing in my ears. At the bars I turned again, and stole over to the edge of the woods, and sat down with my hands pressed over my ears; for at the bars stood Gradman Luverts, waiting. After a long time I climbed the fence and hurried home across the fields. I went into the kitchen, where a light was burning.

Miss Betty was not there. Elder Monk sat in one of the wooden chairs, sweltering in that same frock coat which he had worn a-haying. He fidgeted with his hat. His head, with its sparse fringe of light hair, shone in the lamplight; the heat had made him paler instead of red. Maria Jenkyn stood by the table mixing bread. She looked a little tired, but her sweet, childlike calm was unchanged. Had she gone through the bars, or had she too come home "cross lots?" I wondered.

When, in the next summer, I visited East William again, I turned at once down the plank road toward Miss Betty's farm. Miss Betty spied me from her sitting-room window, and was standing at the gate to greet me when I came up. She wore one of the same green calico dresses. She was still knitting. She looked severely at me over her spectacles.

"Umph! Got back, are ye? Glad to see ye're not so peaked as ye might be."

This from Miss Betty Asher was almost fulsome praise. I wondered, dumbly, at her state of mind.

I thanked her as best I could; compliments from Miss Betty were hard to meet. Resting my bag on the stone wall, I began to talk,—to ask about the neighbors, the crops, the strawberry bed. It would have been contrary to East William etiquette to seem eager to enter before one was invited.

"Better stop. Come in, now, do!" urged Miss Betty suddenly in the midst of her talk. She seized my bag and marched before me up the path. Her green calico skirt was very limp, but as she strode along its folds

switched and swung jauntily; there was a mixture of pertness and arrogance noticeable also about her elbows. When she turned to face me, at the doorstone, the good woman was bristling with self-assertion at every angle.

"And Maria Jenkyn?" I asked. "Surely she hasn't left you?" This was a pleasantry on my part.

"She has!" asserted Miss Betty, solemnly.

I could only stare blankly at her. The woman's radiant importance was bewildering.

"She has that! She has, that very thing!" reiterated Miss Asher, from the doorstep, gesticulating stiffly with my bag held at arm's length.

"Dear me!" said I. It seemed most appropriate, at the moment, to call upon the one thing in the universe of which I felt sure.

"He had the house all did up new, an' it's done more'n a week, now. An' Monday he come an' took her."

"Took her?" I echoed, in bewilderment.

"Certain. Yes. Took her—got married to her an' took her. They be goin' on a trip this mortal minute!"

I looked at Miss Betty. Her thin, wrinkled, practical face flushed.

"Miss Betty, you don't mean to tell me Maria Jenkyn has gone and married that Elder Monk?"

"I don't mean to tell ye nothin' o' the kind!" cried Miss Betty, with shrill emphasis. "I mean to tell ye Maria Jenkyn ain't goin' to have nothin' to do with Thad Monk, 'less'n her husband dies,—an' that ain't powerful likely, he bein' a healthy man,—an', like's not, she wouldn't even if he did."

My hostess looked down upon me with the fire of scorn and triumph in her eye.

"Not any Thad Monk,—no, sir, though folks said so. I allus did say Maria Jenkyn wouldn't have Thad Monk, elder or no elder. An' you allus did use to say Thad Monk made ye think o' smoked string beef; an' I guess mebby it's so!"

"Indeed he does!" I answered eagerly. This dear imagination dated back to the time of my first sight of Elder Thaddeus Monk, in the hay field.

"I allus knowed Maria Jenkyn wouldn't have nothin' to say to him," Miss Betty repeated, confidently. "Come on in, an' set down! Mercy days! Lemme take yer bunnit. Be ye a-lookin' fur a place to stay?"

I owned that I was looking for such a place, and Miss Betty said that she "guessed she was goin' to be some lonesome, now Mari' Jenkyn's gone, an' wouldn't I like to come an' stop with her, like's I did last year?" I answered that I should be delighted to keep her company. Thereupon, this matter being settled, Miss Betty launched upon a long and careful description of the wedding, the supper, the guests, the bride's dress, and what all East William had said afterwards. Only once, while we were "clearin' up the tea," did I try to turn the current of talk to another side of the subject.

"But the groom,—the man, Miss Betty? You don't tell anything about him."

"Oh, I guess there ain't much to be said 'bout *him*. He jus' stood roun', an' looked kinder no 'count an' useless," returned Miss Betty, with a sniff. "But Mari' Jenkyn, she jus' was a sight! All pink an' glad, kinder, with a lemon blow an' two buds in her hair. Miss Nipper brought them blows, an' she raised 'em herself, sos't we knowed they was fresh. Miss Nipper, she says to me—"

"But, Miss Betty, who was the man?"

Miss Betty looked at me in scorn for a moment.

"It couldn't a' been nobody else," she said, with decision. "Folks did say Elder Monk was goin' to have a chance, but I never held with that notion. I knowed soon's ever I set eyes on Thad Monk comin' sparkin' 'round here, with his han's, an' his bald head, an' his manners,—I knowed Thad Monk hadn't no chance. It couldn't never have been anybody but Grad Luverts."

All at once I thought of that little scene up in the pasture, in the warm August dusk,—the tall young figure that strode hotly away, but waited by the bars; the girl crouched, crying, in the fern, sobbing as if her heart would break! No, it never could have been anybody but Grad Luverts.

. . . . . .

"Miss Betty?" said I, coming back to the kitchen for my bedroom candle just as Miss Asher was raking the ashes over the fire on the hearth.

"Yes," snapped Miss Betty. She was not used to talking so much of an evening.

"How did Maria Jenkyn ever come to accept Gradman Luverts, do you suppose?"

Miss Betty smiled sleepily; she had her answer already made.

"Laws!" she said, "she didn't—never. Mari' Jenkyn's that obligin' an' innocent she'd just marry anybody that ast her to. She just didn't know no better."

It was then, after all, a case of Maria Jenkyn's innocency? I wondered.

## KNIGHTED.

All night within the dim cathedral choir
He watched beside his armor: vigil kept
With prayer and fasting, while his fellows slept;
And as the gray dawn touched the cross-capped spire
There came to him a vision. Holy fire
Of pure devotion up within him leapt,
The song of service through his spirit swept,—
God's accolade bestowed on lowly squire.

When the sun shone across the world's new day
They found him at the altar. Not a trace
Of struggle on the fair uplifted face;
And as they bore him home they softly trod,
With reverent feet, as those who go to pray.
He died a squire. Arise, O knight of God!

MARY HOLLANDS MCLEAN.

## BEYOND THE MEXICAN BORDER.

TALL, square, and glaringly white in the unshrinking sunlight, the old Spanish mission church stood out in the unbroken solitude of the sandy plain. Behind were the mountains, deep and blue, touching the brighter, less restful blue of the sky; and in every direction the stretch of brown-white soil, relieved, at a sufficiently respectful distance from the church, by adobe huts and wagon roads. In the black shadow thrown from one of the two square towers which fronted the building and guarded the entrance, stood a sleepy burro, burdened with two pack-baskets. Under the arched doorway the owner of the burro, in the inevitable shawl drapery of her class, entered the church, her dull-marked outline losing itself quickly and smoothly in the dimness of the interior.

Within, where the light flittered down from the narrow windows near the roof, where the air was cool like the stones of the floor, or like the wind which jars the top of the broad towers, the dark figure became plain again to the few scattered kneelers who watched it. An old Indian woman, who had just arisen, paused in the act of adjusting her basket to her patient shoulders; for the gait of the woman passing was very light and graceful. The priest, who was covering the Christus on its bier at the altar, noticed her, and muttered savagely to himself. The two observers, as well as she, had been in the wine-garden the night before; but they did not, like her, "confess" this morning. Their sins were light in their eyes, because their pleasures had been shallow. Their part of the fête had been only to follow the children as they ran from harp and violin to the horn band, when one or the other of these had played the louder, and then companionless and passive in the crowd, to spend their bits of copper for wine and sweets. But she,—yes, she ought to visit the confessional. She had been one of the actors in the bit of life drama. The lights of the paper lanterns, where she had sat under the trees, had danced so blithely over the gay kerchief and the bright ornaments in her hair, and had shone into the soft, dark eyes so witchingly, that many a one, even such as the old squaw and the priest, long remembered the picture. More than that, a certain blue-coated cavalryman from over the border had sauntered in with old Juan, her father; had stopped to see, and stayed to listen, till the spell had grown stronger than his will, and the time for his riding away had slipped by. Old Juan had taken him home, for so good a customer of his broad saddles was not to be lost through inhospitality. The girl had said not a word of invitation, but she knew that he would come again if there were neither saddles nor horses.

As she walked to the curtained recess, determining which should be called cardinal, which lesser sins, the fascination of the night came back to her. Perhaps it was the delight of the recollection which made the confession short, and hurried her out into the sunshine again. She knew that the way home would lead through the streets of the town, and there was a chance that the troops had not gone.

The walk into the town was hot, but not long. Beyond the bare road, the plaza with its fountain was shaded and cool, and as she drew near, she noticed gladly a sprinkling of blue coats mixed in with the duller coloring of

the Indian and Mexican market crowd. But the movement of the indolent plaza, quicker than usual, alarmed her. At one end the men were gathering together, leaving the women scattered about under the awnings. In the middle of the crowd a horse and rider moved restlessly about in the narrow space, as if trying to force a way out. Instantly she knew the face under the broad sombrero and stopped helplessly, feeling dizzy in the hot light. A moment later, one of the group of soldiers stepped forward and seized the bridle. "Senor Captain!" she heard one of the women say. The crowd was coming toward her, and against her will she looked up. The rider's face did not change as he saw her; the wine-garden, for him, was done with now.

The priest who had covered the Christus pointed out the heavy bags of the new saddle, and explained eagerly to the crowd the penalties of smuggling. Before his busy eyes and fingers could turn upon her, the girl in the shawl glided away.

When the stars came out that night above the white church, the graceful figure again passed into the sheltering darkness of the doorway, but that time not for confession.

JOANNA PARKER, '96.

## A TALE OF THE WIND.

IT was the last night of a long and wonderfully happy summer. The faintest breeze possible moved stealthily through the August air, and whispered to the leaves of the yellow corn, which in turn nodded approvingly at the pair that strolled slowly down the long garden path; and only the breeze and the corn heard a strong voice ask abruptly, "Helen, must you really go?" and the bright moon showed a dark head turned quickly upward, a pair of black eyes provokingly merry, and the breeze and the corn heard a laughing reply: "Do you think I want to stay in a little town all my life? Yes, Fred, I really must go. If I can't be a boy and go to college, why, then I'll go as a girl."

"But, Helen," pleadingly, "it's been such a jolly summer, and four years are so long!"

They had reached the stile; they had crossed the garden fence, and had entered the clump of willows that spread their boughs far out over the quiet water. Once the breeze, ever curious, moved the overhanging boughs gently aside, and the moon showed some rough stone steps leading down to the edge of the water, and a boat chained to the roots of the willows. Once again the wind played spy, and the moon showed the boat occupied, but still chained to the roots, and two dark heads bent intently over something.

Long, long they waited, the curious wind, the golden corn, and the sympathetic old southern moon, and then the moon saw white fragments, bits of torn paper, float out from under the willows and away down the stream; the wind heard a deep sigh, and an almost inaudible sob; and the corn nodded wonderingly at the pair that walked hurriedly up the garden path.

. . . . . .

The summer is long past. Helen is almost a college graduate, but somewhere among the theses and the long and learned papers lies a tiny note wherein is written in a strong hand:—

"I am going to be married in the summer, Helen, to the dearest little girl the world over. She has wonderful blue eyes, and the most provokingly curly hair. She doesn't care for college, but I want you to know her. . . . Did you know we forgot to take the oars that night we went rowing in L?"

AGNES L. CALDWELL, '96.

## MY HYDRANGEAS.

The flowers are singing their babies to sleep
  In the garden wide fringing the meadow,
And the proud mother roses a close vigil keep
  O'er the leaf cradles hidden in shadow.

But the rose lullaby has no comforting sound,
  And the night scorns her sorrowing sister;
For my beautiful rose had bequeathed a thorn wound
  When I bowed to my idol and kissed her.

Pale with their shyness, then eager with love,
  Flush the tremulous blooms of hydrangea;
And the little flowers whisper, low swaying above,
  "She is lonely and sad, and a stranger."

They are tearing their soft-folded petals apart
With their tiny, unfaltering fingers,
Boldly robbing the shrine of each slumbering heart,
Till nothing but loveliness lingers.

And their treasure, their hearts' dew, is touching the wrong
With an infinite pity and healing,
While their message, pure-petaled, God-centered, and strong,
A vision of Life is revealing.

FLORENCE ANNETTE WING, '92.

## PARIS FROM THE TOP OF AN OMNIBUS.

WHAT a stranger thinks of Paris depends entirely upon his point of view. If he is an art student, threading the narrow streets of the Latin Quarter, dear now to Trilby lovers, he will consider it as the center of modern art, where one is privileged to study with Bouguereau, Constant, Fleury, Ferrier, and other noted artists, and where one experiences the checkered delights of studio life, with its ambitions, and jealousies, and competitions, and always the possibility of exhibiting in the Salon as a bright inspiration. For the student in music, also, is Paris a center, with the famous Madame Marchese, Bouley, and Sbriglia as teachers and a début at the Opéra as something for which one ardently longs and earnestly labors. The man of the world away from home for rest and a good time, usually looks at Paris as a paradise of cafés, theaters, and variety shows. The person who holds Puritanic views on Sabbath keeping and other questions of morality would regard it rather as the City of Destruction, and would shake his head in wonder and dismay as he is wakened Sunday morning by the noise of hammers, or sees in the afternoon the line of splendid carriages filled with the wealth and nobility of Paris, sweeping along the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne *en route* for the Grand Prix races. To many fashionable women, Paris is merely an aggregation of fine shops, dressmakers, and modistes; while to the Cook's tourists, whose name is legion, the city is a wearisome conglomeration of churches, galleries, parks and palaces, all with most unpronounceable names, and all to " be done in five days, including the drive to Versailles." Not having seen Paris from any one of these standpoints, though each is important in its way and might prove interesting if worked out in

detail, I will merely give you a few of the passing glimpses and thoughts which used to come to me as I viewed the beautiful city from a point I dearly loved—the top of an omnibus.

Looking from that coign of vantage, as the omnibus rumbles slowly down the Champs Élysées, one sees as a background to the picture the monotonous rows of apartment houses, built of light yellowish stone, with little ornamentation, and with nothing to break the smoothness of their fronts save an ugly iron balcony on the second story and another on the fifth or sixth. The Parisians evidently believe that the exercise of climbing stairs is beneficial, for they have few elevators. One French teacher told me that in going to her pupils she often climbed forty flights of stairs a day, and she would not use an elevator even when she could, she feared and disliked them so much. Apropos of this custom of living high, there is a slang phrase used of a Parisian's death which seems to me more expressive than our similar one of "He has kicked the bucket." They say "He has let go of the banister"—*il a laché la rampe.*

Bringing our eyes down from the lofty houses, we notice the double rows of chestnut trees on both sides of the street, so carefully trimmed that each tree is exactly like its neighbor, the individuality that it might once have possessed being entirely lost. It is the same thing at Versailles and in the parks,—the perfection of art rather than of nature, and one wishes just a little sometimes that the French eye were not quite so true, and that the desire for symmetry did not go quite so far. One symmetrical arrangement, however, always gave me the greatest pleasure and satisfaction, and that was the view through the small arch of the Carrousel in the Garden of the Tuileries past the needlelike obelisk in the Place de la Concorde, straight through the grand Arch of Triumph, as it stood outlined against the sky at the head of the Champs Élysées, more than a mile away.

But to come back once more to our omnibus ride. If it is a bright day the streets will be full of people, for the French revel in sunshine and in out-of-door life. Paris itself seems a child of sunshine. There is such an air of brightness, of leisure, of gayety, of continual Fourth-of-July-ness about the city that one wonders if the dark corners really do exist, and if there really are Parisians who are struggling for bread, and living in unhappiness and misery. As we watch the crowds moving slowly up and down

the Champs Élysées, we notice a picturesqueness about the people quite foreign to our streets. Now it is a gallant soldier who passes, his sword at his belt; now a nurse in circular cape, the broad ribbons of her cap streaming out in the breeze; now a baker's boy in white cap and linen suit; now a priest or a sister, often leading a procession of school boys or girls all dressed alike in some kind of uniform, and out for their half holiday perhaps; or now we see the gayly dressed French women, who love bright colors as they love the sunshine, and whose hats are the most gorgeous concoctions of cherry and violet, royal blue and grass green, that can be imagined. They have a style all their own, but whether superior to ours or not, is not for a prejudiced American to decide.

After ten minutes' ride down the Champs Élysées we come to the Rond Point, a sort of park haunted always by nurses and their charges, and where gingerbread stands and Punch and Judy shows also abound. Near here are some of the famous cafés chantants of Paris, whose brilliant incandescent lights, arranged in fanciful ways, are most attractive and give a fairy-like appearance to the garden in the evening. On the right we see the Palais de l'Industrie, built for the Exposition in 1857, and where the Salon is held now each year, as well as various other exhibitions. There is talk at present of tearing down the building and of putting through a new avenue before the Exposition of 1900, but many of the conservative Frenchmen dislike to part with what has now grown to be a landmark. And then comes the Place de la Concorde, the largest, finest square in the world, the old obelisk in the center, and around it the eight statues of seated female figures representing the eight largest cities of France. Poor Strassburg is always draped in mourning, and once a year a funeral service is held over her and new mourning put on. This shows the French love of the dramatic, as well as their sorrow for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine. How they do hate the Prussians, and how they still quiver with anger at the indignities they were obliged to suffer! It is said that after the surrender in 1870, the Prussians, wishing to humiliate the French as much as possible, marched through Paris as through a conquered city, coming in by the Porte Maillot, along the Avenue de la Grande Armée to the Arc de Triomphe, under which they passed, and then down the Champs Élysées to the Place de la Concorde. If they expected to be greeted by crowds of angry or sorrow-

ing people, they were disappointed, for not a soul was in sight. All window shutters were closed, and the city was shrouded in the deepest mourning. Not until they reached the Place de la Concorde did they see a single person; but there, a woman, alas! with the proverbial curiosity of her sex, gazed upon the lines of victorious soldiers. She was well punished for it afterwards, however, by the indignant citizens. But this disgrace to their much-loved arch is something the French have never forgotten; and though it had formerly been the custom to drive under it on the way to the Bois, from that time forth a railing kept out carriages, and no really patriotic Frenchman of the old days can ever bring himself to pass beneath its lofty shadow.

From the Place de la Concorde we may pass down Rue de Rivoli, with the Tuileries Gardens and the massive pile of the Louvre on the right, and the arcaded row of shops on the left. I always liked to read the names on the shop windows, and often wondered why any one should have bestowed upon his place of business such a peculiar appellation as "Aux doigts de la Fée," or "Au bon diable." One could understand that "Au bébé incassable" was an appropriate title for a doll store, but why a clothing store should be named "A l'enfant Jésus" was something inexplicable.

These little shops, like all others in Paris, display their wares in the most attractive manner; and it is surprising how even a butcher's shop may be made inviting by the exercise of the most scrupulous neatness and by a tasteful arrangement. The roasts are always encircled with lace paper, and the whole animals hanging in the doorway have each a little *boutonnière* sticking in its tail. Fruits and vegetables are garnished with ferns; oysters are placed in square covered baskets with fir boughs around them, so that, as my friend used to say, one might imagine they came out of the woods. Coal dealers, wishing to have some window decoration, exhibit samples of their stock in glass preserve dishes. Of course the large stores, like the Louvre and the Bon Marché, have always the finest possible displays in all lines of dry goods. But the windows of the jewelry shops, the pastry shops, and, above all, the florists, appealed most to me. I never before saw so lovely flowers; and the flowers were made doubly beautiful by their arrangement in graceful baskets, tied with knots of ribbon in contrasting colors. The shops were dreams of beauty. It is worth while for the

French to make their windows as pretty as possible, for they are always appreciated. No Frenchman is too intent on business to stop for a look at whatever interests him, and he is as ready as a child to be amused. One recognizes very soon that not money, but pleasure, is his object in life. If instead of going down Rue de Rivoli we should change omnibuses at the foot of the Champs Élysées, we might go along Rue Royale toward the Madeleine, and then down the fascinating boulevards, where the shops are the finest, the cafés the most fashionable, the variety entertainments the most numerous, and the *cochers* the most reckless. Those wicked *cochers!* with their red faces and their shiny hats, which seem to be made in one size only; for if a man's head is large his hat rests lightly on the very top, while if small, it falls down over his eyes, but seldom is one a perfect fit. What tales might be told of their total depravity, their entire lack of conscience in dealing with foreigners, their abuse of the poor, skeletonlike horses, and their general disregard of the life and safety of the public when they come whizzing around corners with a blood-curdling yell of warning for any unfortunate just then crossing the street. And yet there is a word to be said on their side, for they must work night and day, and even then earn the merest pittance, most of the fares going to the rich companies who own the carriages and horses—another of the evils of monopoly.

I shall never forget how these boulevards looked on Mardi-Gras and Mi-Carême. All trams and omnibuses, and nearly all the cabs, were obliged to go on side streets, and the avenues and boulevards were given up to the pleasure of the populace. One could hardly imagine such a thing as happening in New York or Chicago. That the chief business streets, sacred to the occupation of money getting, should even for a day be devoted to apparently nonsensical games and masquerades, would be something unprecedented,—which also goes to show how widely our aims and those of the French differ.

Crowds of people filled both pavement and street, and such a good-natured, jolly crowd! How they pelted each other with *confetti*, till the streets were ankle-deep with it; and sometimes the bits of bright paper flew so thick and fast that they looked like a miniature snow squall colored by a rainbow. The wealthy, driving along in their carriages, gave and received their share as well as the ragged street urchins; old graybeards and

young children joined in the sport with equal zest, and no one was cross, not even if a handful of *confetti* flew into a mouth just then conveniently open. Little dusters of paper were sold on every corner, and were a great necessity. From upper windows people threw rolls of bright-colored paper called serpentine, and this literally covered the trees, making them present the strangest appearance. There were many masques and absurd costumes on Mardi-Gras, but the most interesting feature was to see the children in fancy dress. Boys of eight or ten were attired as soldiers, or in court suits as pages or princes, while the little girls were dressed as *bonnes*, or peasants, or in costumes of the olden time.

It was very pretty to see their important air, as they walked the streets, "the observed of all observers." The principal attraction on Mi-Carême was the procession of the *blanchisseuses*. The queen, who was chosen for her beauty, was dressed in a white satin dress with mantle of cloth of gold, and rode in a gilded car seated on a high throne. Other cars followed filled with representatives from the different laundries, all looking their very prettiest. The cars had rather a Christmas-ey effect, being decorated with green boughs, flowers, and flags. The students played the funny part in the procession, and had jokes on the schools of law, medicine, and art, and on the Académie Française, which I appreciated better after an explanation. The whole affair was most interesting to one unaccustomed to such gay doings in more serious and staid America.

By this time I am sure that our omnibus has reached its destination, and we must needs obey the voice of the conductor, when he shouts, "Descendez, descendez," and clamber as gracefully as possible down the narrow, winding stair, to make our way once more in the busy streets, leaving with regret our vantage ground—the top of the omnibus.

## TWILIGHT ON WABAN.

When soft the violet mists o'er Waban steal,
'Tis then I love to glide across her breast
Watching the twilight quiver in the west;
Or drift among her shadows till I feel
Their velvet fingers clasp my dripping keel,
Luring me into chambers of deep rest.

NANCY K. FOSTER.

## METEMPSYCHOSIS.

THESE are five pages from her diary. When they found her dead, the canvas of her mother's picture, cut into long narrow strips and piled one on top the other, lay within reach of her hand.

*August 22, 1874.*—Is there such a thing as absolute truth? Is there any moment in which one may say, "I have found the truth and am satisfied?" Even if the satisfaction were only for some particular moment, is there any such a thing as that particular moment? One moment you say that is truth; another, this; no time are they the same. Ought you then to harbor truths tentatively, as only possible truths, and thus live provisionally? Always this eternal self-questioning, continual searching, never sure of any one thing, certainly never of yourself; a mere parasite living on sturdier forms of our social organism—does the search for truth pay?

Any moment I could go back to the belief of my childhood, shut my eyes, kill my doubts, talk with the everyday world of life, death, soul, glibly, smoothly, conventionally; consign with equanimity my baker to eternal destruction since he works on Sunday and sends his apprentices to cock fights in the evening. I, too, could become a useful member of society, another cast-iron mould for custom. But, if I were one of you, I would work as you do; work until it becomes automatic, rather than to let one moment find me idle enough to hear it when it asks, "Yes; but this one point, how do you account for that?" There is such a little space, a pretty garden, in which my thoughts may wander at will, where they never disturb me. Beyond lies nothing of value, so I am told. Once I believed it. Now, I wonder if beyond the garden, beyond the blackness and the unanswered questions lies a something worth all the peace of the garden and all the doubts. I don't know as I believe it after all. Perhaps there is only the garden.

*May 15, 1883.*—What insane trash a woman can write when she is tired. I have never dared to look at these pages. Long ago I sealed them up, locked fast together. Disgusting folly, to put one's soul on paper!

To-day I finished my monograph on Buddhism. I can scarcely bear to let the pages go out from under my hand. To-morrow the printer takes

them, next week the first copy comes from press. It has been a fascinating work, this study of the growth of Asiatic thought in its conceptions of individual duty and perfection. I was wondering last night what started me on it. I can see myself now, writing by the south window in the attic long after I could see the marks my pen made on the paper, or else comparing the old editions of Hindoo history, brown-leathered, dusty, quaint, with the new, always with that dogged persistence, that disregard of others' wonder, that half-unconsciousness of my own earnestness, that never led me to consider the why of my work.

But last night when the work was done I had a spare moment to think of the "why." I don't remember as I found an answer, unless it was that "blood will tell." My mother was a Hindoo of the Buddhist faith, though that was years ago before she came to sit at the prosaic breakfast table of an English merchant. She died when I was a child, leaving me faint memories of her beauty, her sadness, and her passionate caresses. There is a large painting of her over my study fireplace. Occasionally, as a girl, I used to study the setness of her eyes and mouth, until I found in it that which made me long for my nurse and candles at a winter's twilight. Now, although I found in it an inspiration to quaint conceits and steadfastness of will, it still possesses for me that impression of duality which I never found in any other picture. Possibly that second woman which I saw beneath the paint, and which I feared when a child, stood for the Hindoo race, with their proverbial cunning and mocking spirit. At any rate, by turns I love and hate the painted canvas as I find in it the mother of my memory or the "other woman."

I wonder now what I shall do when my monograph comes from the press. It seems strange to have nothing on hand. Perhaps a comparison of Buddhism and Christianity would be valuable. There are certain points in which they are very much alike, especially in their conception of the influence every man possesses over that of some future generation.

One of their odd characteristics is their belief in the transmigration of soul by which the spirit prepares for its final absorption into the infinite through a long purifying series of animal existences. For each sin the soul sinks lower and lower in the animal scale, and the final completion represents an infinite number of risings and fallings, progressions and retrogressions.

It is hard to treat this phase of the subject seriously, to regard it sympathetically. It seems more of an allegory than a religion. It is especially marvelous when you consider that a whole nation has fashioned its life after those precepts, though they never could have seriously believed them.

*May 17.*—Last night I was alone in my study. It was dark, cold, dreary. Above the mantelpiece the face of the "other woman" looked at me with that uncanny smile I was slowly growing to loathe. There was the same mocking air, half beast, half human. I grew nervous and reckless. I could not keep my eyes from her face. Even when I turned my chair back to her and read, I could still see her eyes over the page before me. I wanted to slash at her face with my knife, cut out her mouth, do anything to hurt her, anything. I even started up recklessly to do something, when a sudden gust of wind down the fireplace scattered a suffocating odor of dust and charcoal through the room, and then ——.

I was out beneath the sky. There were stars overhead, I remember. About me were gray crags, thick and shadowy, enclosing within them suggestive outlines of twisted shrubs of desert wastes. Far down below me came the faint roar of mountain stream, tumbling, tossing over precipice after precipice, until it lost itself, a gleam of quiet silver, off in the plains. Way to the west the irregular twinkle of light marked tower, and wall, and house-top of some fortified city. But everywhere there was a suggestion that the city barred itself against the massive desolation of the crags, that the torrent fled from its loneliness; that while there life began, for completion it hurried to wider stretches, broader and more secure. About was a heavy atmosphere full of superstitious, intoxicating fancies, that to half mankind mean a fear that is a delight.

From behind the rock into which the narrow path at my feet seemed to lose itself, came the faint tinkle of bells keeping time to the regular, yet slow and cautious, step of a dromedary.

"Courage, star of the north," said the bent form leading him. "Courage; I see the city walls. In two short hours all will be well."

The beast sniffed the air uneasily; each step came more slowly. At last it stopped. The man looked up anxiously. There was no hint of any life around him, except those mysterious sounds which the earth makes at night

when she talks to the sky, but the man waited breathlessly. I could see his face in the moonlight, drawn, with his eyes narrowed to tiny holes that seemed even to hear. And then I saw a yellow body shoot over the crest and hurl itself with a perfect aim full at his breast. Over and over the two rolled on the narrow path. Once the man raised himself enough to strike at the yellow, twisting thing at his throat. He never struck again. The blood ran thick and warm down the cliff. The beast grew satisfied, and stopped. Then I knew that it, that savage, yellow body without reason, only instincts, was myself.

. . . . . .

My monograph came to-night. The last copy is burning now on the hearth. And my harmless, little garden! I have forgotten even where it is.

Elva Hulburd Young, '96.

## A PUPIL OF STURM.

We were in Sturm's Leipsic room, Sturm and I, two jolly, world-tossed old fellows of sixty, renewing with surprising eagerness the friendship of thirty odd years ago, when, at Goethe's Alma Mater yonder, we had shared our budding enthusiasm over Kant, or hotly disputed the rival systems of Hegel and Schopenhauer.

Our reminiscences were cut short by some very bad playing upon the organ of a neighboring chapel. Unmusical as I was, I felt my hair stand on end.

"What, in God's name, Sturm ——," I began.

"That," cried Sturm, fairly quivering, "that is the first melody of Chopin's Eleventh Nocturne. You would never recognize it, would you? The player is a girl, of course," he continued, closing the window, "an American girl, and would-be pupil of mine. It was hard getting rid of her. Remarkable case, very."

"They are strangely persistent," I replied, as certain memories came to me.

"This one is not only persistent, but crazy," said Sturm; "on music, I mean. On other subjects she is sane enough. She is really brilliant in some respects. But she cannot strike a harmonic chord to save her life."

"Where are her family?" I inquired.

"She has only a grand uncle, who is now in Europe."

I started.

"Did you tell me her name, Sturm?"

"Ethel de Rochemont."

"Ethel de Rochemont," I repeated. "What sort is she?"

"Dark, quite. The French type," returned Sturm.

"And she is from ——"

"Buffalo; your home," he answered. "Do you know her, Townsend?"

"She is my grand niece," I replied, "and has lived with me since the death of her parents several years ago. She was always fond of sacred music, and, on her return from boarding school, wished to study organ abroad. I sternly refused permission, and she went crazy over it, poor child. But as I knew her to be perfectly sane upon all other topics, I felt no hesitation in leaving her for the summer. Of course, she escaped then. Who could blame her?"

"Was she a brilliant player before this malady came?" inquired Sturm.

"I cannot say. I have never heard her," I answered. "I only know that she has lost all power to make harmony, although she is constantly attempting it, and can appreciate it in the execution of others."

"Her love for music is inherited?" asked Sturm.

"From her father. Her mother was not musical. A most unfortunate passion in Ethel's case. A taste for metaphysics I might have understood and directed, but this ——"

Sturm had been thinking while I spoke.

"You bring back the old student days," he said. "Will you let me make an experiment? I think I can restore that lost sense of harmony. You are willing? Very well."

"Will you see her?" he asked, as I took leave, a few moments later. "Shall we go to the chapel?"

"No," I answered, "I don't wish to see her—yet."

The following Monday, Sturm informed me that the necessary arrange-

ments were completed, and that he was ready to begin his experiment. Did I care to witness it?

So, at four that afternoon, carefully hidden behind a curtain, I awaited the arrival of Sturm's pseudo-pupil. Presently she appeared. There could be no doubt that it was Ethel. That slight, erect figure, the pale face with its large, dark, wistful eyes, the coal-black, waving hair, and that vibrating, resonant voice were all so familiar to me.

"Miss de Rochemont," began Sturm, "I am about to give you what I hope will be a not unpleasant surprise. I am going to play for you, instead of making you play for me."

"Ah, how kind of you!" cried Ethel, with a genuine pleasure incomprehensible to me. "I had not expected anything so delightful. I shall enjoy listening very much, I am sure."

"What music do you prefer?"

"The Fifth Symphony, if you like," she answered.

Without further speech, he seated himself at his organ and began to play. Ethel was evidently much affected. Her face worked convulsively, more from pure sensitiveness to the divine harmony, than from any actual restraint of tears. Indeed, the music was calculated to soothe, rather than to arouse emotion.

Over and over, without ceasing, he played the selection, but neither listener became weary. At the end of an hour he dismissed his pupil.

Four times a week Ethel came to Sturm's room beside the chapel, and listened for an hour to his playing. Beethoven's symphony was always the selection chosen.

Finally, at her urgent request, he allowed her to attempt the music herself. She eagerly began, but her mistakes were so many and so dreadful, that Sturm banished her from the instrument before she had finished a half page.

The next day, he permitted her to try again. This time, he carefully corrected each error as she made it. She had absolutely no power of harmony. It was strange that a person so keenly responsive to excellence in the performance of others, should be so blind to the deficiencies in her own. I regarded Sturm's energy as praiseworthy, but as somewhat misdirected.

Soon I noticed that Ethel's mistakes were gradually lessening in number. At last came a day when she played the symphony without an error. Sturm wrote (I was at Nice then) to know if she might continue her studies with him, and, as an experiment, I consented.

Sturm's letters became frequent now, and were full of his pupil's astonishing progress. I attributed most of his enthusiasm to German gush and a pardonable self-esteem; still, when I returned to America, I despatched a little note to Ethel, giving her formal permission to study as much and as long as she pleased.

Four years later she returned, bringing with her a half world-wide reputation as an organist. After the reconciliation scene was over, she took me to the church, and played in a way to draw the soul out of one's body. Her selection was Chopin's Eleventh Nocturne.

"What will you do with your music, Ethel?" I asked, as she came down from the organ loft.

"Try to please the world with it," she replied, adding mischievously, "if you will let me."

"Let you!" I almost shouted, "as if I, or anyone, could stop you! Go back and tell Sturm that he has educated a genius. One who can play like that ——." Ethel had taught me to love music.

BLANCHE LOUISE CLAY, '92.

## TO MY LADY.

Thou evening star, pure and soft-shining light,
  Afar in depths of misty, violet sky,
  Thou'rt not more softly fair, nor pure, nor high
Than is my love. Ye fragrant lilies white
Whose perfume rare the wayward wind of night
  Reluctant bears to me with plaintive sigh,
  Ye're not more fragrant where ye droop so shy,
Than are her thoughts and maiden fancies bright.
Whene'er I think of her so fragile fair,
  With a quick throb of pain a prayer I breathe
  That angels round her their white arms may wreathe
  To keep her safe from each insidious taint
Of wickedness and every earthly snare,
  And bear her onward till she's crowned a saint.

F. S., '97.

## DAVIE.

DAVIE was a cripple. Perhaps you think he is going to play the part of a patient, saintly hero of a moral tale. By no means. Davie was not contented with his lot, and never for one moment pretended that he was. To be sure, he did not make life miserable for his widowed mother by incessant complaints; but his own life was spoiled, and the thought was almost more than he could bear. Davie's father had been a soldier, and the only earthly thing that could ever satisfy the boy was to be a soldier too. Now that there was no hope of that, his chief delight was to watch processions. With every beat of the drum his spirits rose. The martial music thrilled his soul till he forgot his troubles, and fancied he was really the brave and active soldier he had hoped to be. Davie's passion for processions was well known; and sometimes, when the line of march was not near his home, some thoughtful neighbor would wheel him to a place on the street corner. Davie's ear for music was remarkable. By music, I mean military music; for no other kind could interest him. He had at home an old violin, which had been one of his father's treasures; and on this he used to play all the marches he had ever heard, and these were many.

One night he had a dream which he never forgot. He thought he was an officer, riding a prancing black horse at the head of a line of soldiers. It was the music, however, which impressed him most. The march he thought the band was playing stirred his very soul. It was a most inspiring bit of melody, and Davie kept hearing it again and again. The next day he labored for hours over the long-suffering violin, and at last he mastered his dream music.

One day the rector came to see him. Mr. Adriance was a fatherly, sympathetic man, and Davie warmed toward him. He told all his troubles, his past hopes and present disappointments. Finally he told his dream, and timidly offered to play the imaginary music for his friend. Mr. Adriance listened with all the intentness of a music-loving nature. The boy played as if he were pouring out his soul with every note. All his courage, energy, and patriotism seemed to find expression there. There was silence for a minute after the music stopped. At last the rector said, "David, will you do me a favor?"

"A favor, I—why, how, sir?"

"I have a violin over at the rectory. I don't play much, but I like to 'pick out things,' as you say. Now, if I bring my violin over here some night, will you teach me that music?"

"Why, Mr. Adriance, do you mean that you want to learn my tune? Do you like it?"

"Very much,—so much that I want to be able to play it sometimes, when I am tired and discouraged. I think I can live better if I know your tune."

So it was settled. The rector came again and again. He not only learned the music, but more of Davie's pathetic story; and this he told to officers of the city troops who were his friends. One day a procession came down the avenue near which Davie lived. On the corner the men came to a halt for an instant. The whole line stood motionless and silent. Then, with a sudden burst from the band, they swept around the corner, past the little brown house which was Davie's home. Never had red, white and blue waved more triumphantly; never had soldiers marched with a more buoyant step; never had horses held their heads more proudly; for the band was playing Davie's march.

LYDIA SOUTHARD, '98.

## EDITORIALS.

I.

Possibly nothing in the student world is more thoroughly enjoyed at the present time than the new Public Library of Boston. It is true that the lover of books may so lose himself in the world of fact or fancy that he becomes unconscious of his surroundings; but, nevertheless, there is a deep-felt sense of satisfaction in high, well-lighted rooms and the warm tints of Tennessee marble, which one does not find in low-studded ceilings or dim alcove retreat. Besides the construction features of the new building, the visitor finds much to interest and attract in the decoration of the walls. The interest in the Abbey pictures, the subject of much favorable and adverse criticism, has been largely transferred to the paintings of M. Puvis de Chavannes, which have recently been placed in the space assigned them.

The decoration represents the Muses greeting the Genius of Enlightenment, who is the central figure resting upon a cloud, with extended wings and outstretched hands, from which rays of light seem to radiate. The nine Muses, five on the left and four on the right hand, appear to float through space toward the central figure. There are three grand planes of color in the picture: the green turf in the foreground, the deep blue sea stretching to the horizon, and the opaline sky, all blending into a harmony which throws the figures into full relief. One is not entirely unprepared for the style and treatment of Puvis de Chavannes, for examples of his work are to be found in the Art Museum. There is the same tone-color, though on a larger scale, the same technique of form, and the inevitable symbolistic manner of expression. The peculiar tone-color of the middle distance fades into the green of the foreground and the clouds of the background with a skillful shade effect, and serves also as a most delicate setting for the figures of the Muses of Inspiration. The space proportions are admirably disposed to bring out the prominence of the central figure, and the ether itself, through which the Muses float upward to greet their divinity, seems to be drawn invisibly toward the central light. One notices the harmony of the painting with its appointments in the central hall. The warm coloring of the four marble pillars of the staircasing, in the spaces between which the painting seems

included, as one moves away to look at it from a distance, brings into beautiful relief the colder tints of the painting, and seems to give it the setting one would have desired for it. The marble of the grand entrance to Bates Hall blends in a like harmony with the canvas that surrounds it.

This, we are told, is but half the commission, and, if rumor says truly, we must wait for some time to come for "the perfect whole," since money is necessary, in this case, as in many others, for a full realization of the end desired.

II.

Among the many privileges which have been granted of late to Wellesley students, not the least is the permission to attend the theater; and that the girls appreciate this was shown by the large attendance of College girls at the Tremont Street Theatre during the past few weeks, where, with the numberless others of the appreciative audience, they thrilled under the inspiration of Ellen Terry's and Henry Irving's acting. It would be hard to find a choicer or more carefully selected *répertoire* than that presented by this company. From the charm of a one-act drama such as Nance Oldfield to the power of Merchant of Venice or Faust, every play had not only literary and dramatic merit, but was fitted, as a rule, to bring out the ability of the different members of the company. The scenery, staging, costuming, and grouping were artistic to the highest degree, and presented a series of pictures perfect in color and perspective and full of action and life. Perhaps King Arthur, in which the costuming and grouping were designed by Burne-Jones, was the most remarkable in these respects, but certain other scenes were equally fine. The closing scene in Faust, where, after Faust and Mephistopheles have been hurled to the bottomless pit, Marguerite lies pale and repentant at the foot of the cross; the trial scene in Merchant of Venice where, in the midst of the court room—gorgeous in its coloring, and filled with curious spectators, dignified judges, and the prisoner and his friend, there stands the bright, brave young figure of Portia in her legal attire, and at one side the cringing figure of the now expectant, now crushed Hebrew; the impressive cathedral scene in Much Ado about Nothing, in which are shown amid the religious settings the revengeful anger of Claudeo, the de-

spair of Hero, and the tender womanliness of Beatrice; these are among the many scenes that cannot be surpassed nor forgotten.

Too much cannot be said in praise of the ability of Irving as a designer, manager, and director. As an actor, he admits of much more severe criticism. In the portrayal of characters which require a certain grim, abnormal tragedy and intensity of feeling, as Louis XI., Shylock, and Mephistopheles, he is at his best and interprets them with an almost savage strength. One of his finest parts is Shylock. He gives dignity to the character, presents him as justly resenting persecution, and moved rather by race feeling than personal prejudices, and Irving wins for him the sympathy of the audience. The very fact that Irving excels in portraying abnormal characters goes far toward proving Miss Terry's undisputed superiority as an artist, for she portrays with exquisite grace and realism the natural phases of life which are quite beyond Irving. Even in some of his best interpretations, he occasionally treads close upon the heels of burlesque; and his stagey manner, lack of spontaneity and personal charm, and his stiffness and inflexibility render him unable to present at all satisfactorily such characters as King Arthur and Benedict. A lame Benedict is startling, and Irving as a lover is so distressing that we wonder how he ever won the fair Beatrice.

There is to-day no greater actor among English-speaking women than Ellen Terry. She is artistic to the most insignificant detail of the smallest piece of business. All her acting is marked by a personal charm and abandon that carry on the drama and make her always the central figure. In comedy she has a delicacy of touch and a fineness of expression that are inimitable, and in tragedy an intensity and controlled strength that give force and depth to her interpretations. She is unfortunately growing rather too stout for such parts as Portia and Beatrice, and some of her by-plays and pieces of business savor of the stagey; but her wonderful genius for interpreting character, her versatility and marvelous personal charm, will always keep her in the foremost rank of actors.

The support, as a whole, is excellent. The beautiful Julia Arthur, who is able to stand out strongly even when Terry is on the stage, and Mr. Frank Cooper, deserve especial mention. Concerning Terry's daughter, Ailsie Craig, there is nothing to be said, except that she is entirely unattractive and cannot act.

Unless "the divine Sarah" visits the Hub this winter, it is probable that nothing equal to Irving and Terry will appear, for to see them is an education, not only in art and in literature, but in character study and life truths.

III.

Probably no country has owed more to its adopted sons than America; and of the many who have served her well, few have had a wider field of usefulness than the late Hjalmar Hjörth Boyesen, linguist, critic, dramatist, novelist, poet, and loyal citizen. His many-sided personality has been valuable both as a factor in the development of our intellectual life, and as testifying how far a foreigner, already arrived at manhood, can merge himself in the national life, thought, and language of a new country.

Forty-eight years ago Hjalmar Hjörth Boyesen was born at Fredricsvaern, in southern Norway. Few writers show more directly than he the influence of early surroundings. His childhood was passed on the shores of the Sogenfiord, a region of poetic tradition, and the scene of the Frithjoff Saga. The delicate pictures of Scandinavian scenery, and the spirit of the joy and fullness of life which characterize his best work, are clearly the results of a happy childhood in the most beautiful part of a picturesque country. When the hunting and fishing of the day were over, he would steal into the servants' hall to listen to the folk stories of the peasants. As has been the case with many another writer, these ancient tales were the inspiration of most of his later romances.

His poetic ability developed early. In his boyish attempts his grandmother was his one sympathetic critic, for his father discouraged his ambition, on the ground that literary work, to be of lasting value, should be in a tongue more cosmopolitan than the Norse. Fortunately, young Boyesen had that gift of Northern races, linguistic talent, and, nothing daunted, he set out, after his graduation from the University of Norway, to learn the customs and language of America. For a time he edited a Scandinavian journal in Chicago. Next he became tutor of Greek and Latin in a small Ohio college. It was during this period, when he was bending every effort to master English, that "Gunnar" was written. The purity of style of the book is a sufficiently remarkable achievement for any man who had spoken

the tongue in which he wrote only two years. The production of "Gunnar" was the turning point in his life. Being one day in the Harvard College Library, he came accidentally in contact with Professor Child, to whom he furnished some aid in translating dialect Norse ballads. An acquaintance began, and by the professor's invitation, Boyesen read a portion of "Gunnar" at a dinner given to William Dean Howells. Charmed by the fresh and idyllic character of the work, Mr. Howells undertook its publication, and Boyesen stepped suddenly into a recognized literary position. A year's study at Leipsic followed, during which his friendship with Tourguènеff, whom he recognized as his master, began. In 1882 he was called to the Gebhard professorship of German at Cornell. At his death he occupied the chair of Germanic Languages and Literatures in the university. His natural insight into the art of literature, and his sympathetic appreciation of poetic quality, as well as his deep scholarship, made his teaching peculiarly rich, full, and comprehensive. Throughout his lectures and writings he sought to advance the cause of good citizenship among his American hearers, and strove earnestly to produce loyalty to the United States among Scandinavian immigrants.

Mr. Boyesen was the author of more than twenty books. One of his dramas, "Ilka on the Hill-top," has been successfully presented in New York. His literary creed was realism, but not realism of a severely objective or impersonal type; he aimed at chronicling contemporary life as he saw it, not wholly bad or good. His works have brought a new element into our literature. They have a grace, virility, and idyllic spirit similar to that of Björnson, but their foreign setting is less difficult to understand. His verse is characterized by vigor of imagination, simplicity, and freedom from poetic artifice. That he never fully mastered the American point of view is evident in his realistic novels. He is at his best in his short Norwegian stories, which, oddly, are romantic to a degree. Their chief imperfections are due to lack of technique; this, however, is overbalanced by their delicacy of conception and purity of expression. The pervading idea of each is the development of some artistic instinct in the principal character. The work of Professor Boyesen has been a brilliant part of that of the New York literary circle. It was, as he himself realized, but a prophecy of higher achievement, now, unhappily, never to be realized.

## FREE PRESS.

I.

We have electric lights and paved walks. We have political rallies and may have intercollegiate tennis tournaments; but one thing we have not yet attained, if one may be allowed to speak from the point of view of a member of an imaginary committee, and that is, a lively sense of individual responsibility. We do feel responsible to a large degree for our academic work, or if not, we suffer the consequences; but our outside obligations are not held with the same keen searchlight before the eye of our inner consciousness. To be sure, duties of an outside organization are secondary to class-room work; but it is not the point in question whether or not such obligations should be incurred by the student who has come to college for four years' study, but whether once accepted, they should not be faithfully observed.

It is not the wish of the present writer to pose as a youthful moralist, but simply as one of the above-mentioned imaginary committee, who has felt the thoughtlessness which has shifted the responsibility, which should be equally shared, upon the heads of one or two.

B., '96.

II.

One of the main canons of Wellesley's creed has been, hitherto, student government. There was a time when the Free Press fairly groaned under the weight and number of articles sent in upon that subject, and when every student talked it, believed it, and, so far as was consistent with College rules, obeyed it. Mass meetings were in order, before which came up vexed questions. Now all discontent and dissatisfaction has settled down to complaints made to other girls, and mild growlings when there is no one about who has power to remedy the trouble. If there are in College, matters which seem to us to need reform, if there are rules which seem to us unjust, why do we spend our time in uttering childish complaints where they will have no force? Why do we not report these matters to the authorities who have them in charge, or why do we not hold mass meetings, discuss these questions, and act in a legitimate and businesslike way concerning them? Wellesley has

never decreed that her students should have no voice in their own government; she has never said that they must silently endure inconveniences and annoyances of which she is ignorant. Though we may have no right or authority to act upon these matters directly, we can at least petition concerning them, or express our convictions.

SP.

III.

THE difficulty of getting reference books is always with us. No one who does not spend most of her time in the library can realize the extent to which books, supposed to be on reference lists, are misplaced between the hours in which the tables are put in order. The appearance of works on early English among Nineteenth Century Literature strikes one as a sort of anachronism which will occasion delay to anybody in search of those volumes. Absent-mindedness about returning books to their rightful places is a fruitful source of the annoyance continually arising from missing works.

H. M., '96.

IV.

I HAVE the enviable delight of writing a Free Press article on our blessings. I must confess I have tried earnestly to find instead some sin of the faculty, some abuse perpetrated on the student, but the sins and the abuses will probably all be remedied before this Magazine comes from press, and I am free to let them alone.

As one of the students suggested, "There is the lake, and woods, and the moon." There is the soft, misty whiteness of the night, with the half moon over the hills and the gray shadows on the campus; there is the wild rush of November days, with the foam-capped waters, the flocks of birds flying steadily southward, and the mournful, mysterious, wailing winds that haunt the treetops and the casement windows.

There are the cordial fellowships, the class ties that grow stronger with each week; there are the half hours at the tea table or the minute's chat in the corridor which mark the beginning of friendships which seem the best gift of Wellesley.

There is the course that leaves you awe-struck before the possibilities of your growth, that makes you dimly comprehend the beauty and unity hid within that word, little understood, "study."

It is a world full of joy, a world full of friends, a world full of books, all three in one world, Wellesley. Is it any wonder that we hold ourselves dearer, we keep ourselves purer, for her very name's sake?

E. H. Y., '96.

## EXCHANGES.

THERE'S a Spirit in the air, the rollicking, woodsy, care-free Spirit of October, mischievous, and a tease. He gets into one's legs as Drumtochty said the Hebrew had "gaen doon and settled" in the minister's. We want to dance, to have a try at the Highland fling, the hornpipe, or even the long-forgotten hoppity skip of childhood days. As for Senior dignity—the bold Spirit tosses the black tassel into our eyes and tweaks impudently at the ends of the reverend black sleeves till in exasperation we turn and he is off, a little mocking brownie, convulsed with laughter, dancing on one foot among the brown leaves, his small derisive shoulders bunched up, his teasing eyes winking over one tantalizing leveled finger. But we shall laugh too some day. Wait, presto, change! and it is the morning after the hard frost. There is nature caught in the act of a midnight revel, petrified with amazement, held hard and stiff all in her party dress, like Cinderella, while the sun rises and laughs her to confusion. Now, sly October, are you forced to pause breathless, agape, to look on with round dismayed eyes while the yellow beech leaves, at the silent touch of the sun, fall softly, rustling down in the very golden shower of the myth, softly, unceasingly, just whispering to themselves as they hurry. All the king's horses and all the king's men could not put Humpty Dumpty together again, sly October. The beech leaves are doomed.

What wonder that some of the spirit gets into the October magazines in the way of a living feeling for fun and "gaïtie." Yet the true spirit of it has always that swift touch of sympathy for the passing of things which is ever close to the heart of nature, be it in brownie, bird or man. Here is an expression of it:—

MONEY MUSK.

Quick is the beat of tapping feet,
Laughter sounds thro' the lighted hall,
Matrons, men, and merry maids, too,
Gladsome dance at the harvest ball.
Golden wheat and apples red,
From the lofty rafters swing—
Bowls of cider rich and brown
Breathe their perfume 'wildering.
"Backward! forward!" the fiddler calls,
"All join hands to the merry din!"
And then he bows his old gray head
Caressingly over the violin—
Soft and sweet the sound steals forth,
Till, one by one, the dancers fade,
And he and she in their first glad youth
Are sitting alone 'neath the linden's shade.
For only a moment the picture comes—
That dream of the long ago,
And then—he is playing the money musk
With "Backward! forward! all in a row!"

—*Smith College Monthly.*

And here again, a quieter bit:—

WITH PASSING YEARS.

I.

I loved thee as a child and chased
Thy oft-delaying flight, with breathless glee,
Through laurels and down lilac lanes from which
I shook the dew as I pursued and thou did'st flee.
It was thy gold, O butterfly,
That caught the childish fancy of my eye,
But when within my hands thy powdered gold fell off,
I cast thee by to weep,
And then again in dreams I'd chase thee in my sleep.

II.

I love thee still and in a passive way
I sit and watch thy full content to sip
The brightly sparkling nectars that the shades
Of night have brewed upon the languid lily's lip.
I see thy dalliance, butterfly,
That makes the rose to blush a deeper dye;
I watch thee chase thy shadow in the tulips' bed
In quiet summer hours;
I laugh and thou art lost among some sweeter flowers. —*Yale Lit.*

The following verses, though earlier in time, are fairly infectious with fancies of freedom and the woods:—

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Moonbeam meshes tangled lie
On the grass tops, in the hollow,
Round and round the wood nymphs fly,
Chasing hard the satyrs follow.
"Catch us, catch us if you can,"
Laugh the wood nymphs in the hollow.
Shout the satyrs, "Follow! follow!"
"Catch us!"—"Follow"—"if you can."

All about the bright moon weaves
Mingled shadows, softly falling.
In and out among the leaves
Dance the wood nymphs gayly calling.
"Catch us, catch us if you can,"
Laugh the wood nymphs in the hollow.
Shout the satyrs, "Follow! follow!"
"Catch us!"—"Follow"—"if you can."

Lower, lower drops the moon,
Oh the witching summer weather!
Hark, the midnight hour! too soon
Moonlight, fairies fly together.
"Catch us, catch us if you can,"
Laugh the wood nymphs in the hollow.
Shout the satyrs, "Follow! follow!"
"Catch us!"—"Follow"—"if you can."

—*The Mount Holyoke.*

We turn reluctantly from our jolly friend, the woodsy Spirit of nature, but only to greet with enthusiasm another which is, perhaps, near akin, the Spirit of College Sentiment. We find hints of it in all the wide-awake editorials and comments on the new year, and we come face to face with it in the leader of the *Yale Literary Magazine*. "There is one kind of sentiment—thank Heaven!—which even Dr. Nordeau might dissect in vain for signs of degeneration. It is what we call 'college sentiment,'" by which is meant the good strong healthy love and loyalty of a man for his college, the spirit, the ideal of whose function is that of putting a just valuation upon every branch of college life and work. Let the standards of honor be high, the standards

of men broad. "As man to man" for a motto, and "college courtesy, veracity, the power of estimating things truly, every elevating tendency will flourish as never before." The article sounds the true note of honor. Dr. Cuthbert Hall, in the leading article of the *University Magazine*, makes an application of the Spirit in a strong argument against compulsory attendance at chapel. It is interesting to note that a committee of the trustees of conservative Williams, of which Dr. Hall is chairman, has been appointed to consider the question there.

We regret that we can not more than note the exceptionally good numbers of *The Mount Holyoke* and the *Vassar Miscellany*. The former publishes a list of freshmen, but probably this may be attributed to the hint of another strong spirit, the Spirit of Progress, of which space will not permit us to treat. May we, with the permission of a contemporary, requote :—

"What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

## BOOK REVIEWS.

*The Individual and the State*, by Thomas Wardlaw Taylor, Jr., M.A. Pp. 88. Ginn & Co.

The contents of this demure-looking little work cannot fail to command the attention of any student of social relations. Conciseness of statement, and a clear-cut, simple, and forcible style, together with a delightful absence of technical legal terms, make it an especially valuable reference book.

Mr. Taylor opens his subject by a treatment of the rationalization of society, in which he traces human association to the religious bond, first in the Lares worship of antiquity, and again in the church unity of the Middle Ages. After the development of society, came that of the individual, which began with the teaching of Christianity, disappeared in the Dark Ages, and rose again with the reawakening of thought.

In considering men in their relation to the State, the subject of equality naturally first presents itself. It is a doctrine which has had many exponents; the communal influence of stoicism, the spread of Christianity, the Reformation, Rousseau, and the Revolution, have all aided in its development.

Nevertheless, the inequalities which are present in all nature, exist among men. Class inequalities have not been lessened by progress in wealth, politics, or society. The success of individualism is the triumph of inequality.

The work closes with a clear and careful treatment of personality, the moving force in human life. While it is the only guiding and creative power in society or the State, it must, from the restraint exercised over it by law, be in eternal conflict with governmental conservatism. The limitation of individual rights is the basis of society. No so-called "natural rights of man" may limit the office or activity of the State, the highest of human institutions. As legal and moral rights exist only in connection with each other and with personality, so the individual and social existence of man are inseparable. The entirety of life which constitutes the State cannot, says Mr. Taylor, be explained on a rationalistic basis. "To know the end of the State would be to know the end of all life."

*Sainte-Beuve: Selected Essays.* International Language Series, Ginn & Co. With Introduction, Bibliography, and Notes, by John R. Effinger, Jr.

This convenient series of extracts from the works of the chief critic of the modern French Romantic School will be welcome to all who are interested in the literature of France. The selections are from the series of essays published in the government journals during the years 1849 to 1861, which covers the whole field of French literature, and forms the most remarkable collection of criticism in any language.

The volume contains two articles on "Chateaubriand," "Madame Recamier," "Qu'est-Ce Qu'un Classique?" "Le Roman de Renart," "Alfred de Musset," and "Histoire de l'Académie Française." Especially valuable to students are the second essay on "Chateaubriand," in which Sainte-Beuve defines his idea of the study of literary genius, and the critical papers on "Alfred de Musset" and the "French Academy." Appended is a list of Sainte-Beuve's principal works, together with a bibliography of books, essays, and magazine articles in French and English, which furnish aid in the study of the author.

*Lessing's Emilia Galotti.* With Introduction and Explanatory Notes by Max Poll, Ph.D. Ginn & Co.

A new edition of this important German tragedy comes to us from the hands of a Harvard instructor. It is a reprint, with reformed Prussian orthography, from Lachmann's critical edition of Lessing's works. The notes give the signification of rare words. They differ in their explanations of certain passages from those of other commentators. The Introduction, which aims at condensing older articles on "Emilia Galotti," is interestingly written, and furnishes a pleasant change from the arid information commonly prefixed to classic works. It deals with the conception and composition of the play, and describes the scene in which it is laid. Parallel passages from the different Virginia plays in German, French, Spanish, and English are quoted, and criticism of the characters, of the development of the plot, and of the diction, is given. The editor concludes his work with an account of the widespread influence of the tragedy upon contemporaneous writers.

## BOOKS RECEIVED.

*History of Greece*, for Colleges and High Schools, by Philip Van Ness Myers, L.H.D. Boston and London: Ginn & Co. Price, $1.40.

*The Individual and the State*, by Thomas Wardlaw Taylor, Jr., M.A. Boston and London: Ginn & Co. Price, 80 cents.

*Lessing's Emilia Galotti*, edited by Max Poll, Ph.D. Boston: Ginn & Co. Price, 70 cents.

*Selected Essays from Sainte-Beuve*, with Introduction, Bibliography, and Notes by John R. Effinger, Jr. Boston: Ginn & Co.

*Old South Leaflets for 1895*. Published by the Directors of the Old South Historical Studies, Boston.

## SOCIETY NOTES.

A regular meeting of the Shakespeare Society was held October 26. The following programme was presented:—

Browning's Dramatic Structure.

I. Shakespeare News . . . . Maud Almy.

II. Andrea Del Sarto:
A Study of the Dramatic Monologue, Juliet Duxbury
III. Tableaux from Andrea Del Sarto.
IV. The Ring and the Book:
A Study of Form . . . . Elizabeth Snyder.
V. Character Impersonations: Guido, Caponsachi Pompilia.
VI. Development of Structure, as shown by
(1) Pippa Passes;
(2) In a Balcony . . . . Virginia Sherwood.
VII. Strafford as the Completed Drama . . Carlotta Swett.
VIII. Dramatic Representation, In a Balcony:
Constance . . . . . Elizabeth Adams.
Norbert . . . . . Constance Emerson.
Queen . . . . . Gertrude Rushmore.

Miss Kelsey, '95, was present.

A meeting of Society Zeta Alpha was held October 19. Miss Josephine Hayward and Miss Freda Moore were initiated. The following programme was presented:—

General Subject: Modern Poetry.
Writers of Magazine Verse . . . Rebekah Blanchard.
The Child Element in Modern Verse . . Agnes Caldwell.
Women Writers of Recent Poetry . . Martha Shackford.
Aldrich and Gosse.

The following old members were present: Miss Belle Sherwin, Miss Gertrude Smith, Miss Mary Barrows, Miss Marion Canfield.

At the meeting of the Agora in Elocution Hall, Saturday evening, October 5, the Society initiated Miss Mary Cross, Miss Carrie Howell, Miss Helen Pettee, Miss Mary Capen, Miss Frances Rousmaniere, Miss Helen Buttrick, Miss Eleanor Brooks, Miss Helen Damon, and Miss Ruth Goodwin, all of '98. Miss Gail Laughlin, '94, Miss Florence Tobey, '94, Miss Maud Thompson and Miss Sarah Bixby, '94, were present at the meeting.

At a meeting of the Agora Saturday, October 19, extemporaneous speeches were given on—

The French Conquest of Madagascar, by Miss Mary Capen, '98.
The Present Status of the Armenian Question, by . . . Miss Gertrude Devol, '97.
The Political Situation in New York, by Miss Mary Cross, '98.

After these speeches the following programme was presented to the Society:—

Position of the State in America.

I. Relation of the State to the City.
   *a*. Legislative Control of State over City . . . . . Annie E. Cobb.
   *b*. Recent Movements toward Home Rule for Cities . . . . . Anne L. Bixby.
   *c*. Effects of State Interference . . Cora F. Stoddard.
II. Relation of the State to the Federal Government . . . . . Louise McNair.

A Referendum Rally was held in the gymnasium October 26, under the auspices of the Agora. Miss Young, '96, presided, and the programme consisted of short speeches by Miss Patterson, '98, Miss Hathaway, '97, Miss Bennett, Special, Miss Blanchard, '96, Miss Laughlin, '94, and Professor Hayes. An interesting informal discussion followed. The sentiment of the whole meeting was strongly in favor of Woman Suffrage.

Before the regular programme meeting of the Classical Society, Saturday evening, October 19, a short business meeting was held, The elections of officers for this year were completed. The following programme was then presented:—

OLYMPIA.

*a*. Symposium.
   Latest News from Classic Lands.
   Excavations at Olympia.
*b*. I. The Olympic Festivals . . Gertrude A. Pomeroy.

II. Recitations.

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|---|---|
| Pindar's Olympic Ode . . | Ethelyn Price. |
| Lysias's Panegyric, §§ 1, 2 . | M. Isabel Thyng. |

The first regular meeting of Society Tau Zeta Epsilon was held in Tau Zeta Epsilon Hall, Saturday evening, October 26. The subject of study for the year is "A Trip Through England and Scotland." The first programme was as follows:—

Chester.
Kenilworth.

| | |
|---|---|
| Warwick, paper . . . . . | Miss Dennison. |
| Music . . . . . | Miss Lunt. |
| English Ballad . . . . . | Miss Cushing. |
| Reading from Kenilworth . . . . | Miss Lunt. |

A regular meeting of Phi Sigma was held Saturday evening, October 26. The new programme for the first semester was begun. The following programme was given on the subject English Society as Criticized by Modern Fiction:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Thackeray's Satire of English Society . . | Miss Baxter. |
| Music . . . . . | Miss Paul. |
| Dickens's Picture of the Sufferings of the Lower Classes . . . . . | Miss Coolidge |
| George Eliot's Treatment of Society . . | Miss Woodin. |
| Music . . . . . | Miss Batchelder. |

An initiation meeting of the Phi Sigma Society was held September 12, in Society Hall. The following members were received into the Society: Elizabeth M. Hiscox, '97; Jane N. Cool, Sarah L. Doyle, Amelia M. Ely, Mary Finlay, Mary L. Hamblet, Helen H. Hunt, Betty B. Scott, May W. Serviss, Ellen D. Smith, Eunice C. Smith. Mabel Curtis, Josephine Holley, Mary Lauderburn, '90; Alice Clement, Rachel Hartwell, '91; Frances Lance, '92; Clara Count, Helen Eager, Mary Hill, Edith White, '93; Mary Holmes, Ethel Stanwood, '94; May Cannon, Elizabeth Stark, Helen James, '95, were present at the meeting.

## COLLEGE BULLETIN.

November 3. Rev. A. E. Dunning, D.D.
November 10. Rev. G. E. Horr.
November 17. Rev. Judson Smith, D.D.
November 24. Rev. David N. Beach.

## COLLEGE NOTES.

October 8 the electric lights were turned on for the first time in the grounds. The dismal hollow by Longfellow is now almost radiant, and the darksome wood beyond the stables now ceases to cast its dread shadow over us. Of all the improvements of the new year, the lighting of the grounds seems the most welcome.

Miss May Cannon, '95, was at College, October 8.

October 7 the Beethoven Club of Boston gave a concert, which was greatly enjoyed. Their annual visit here is always eagerly looked forward to.

Miss Elizabeth Stark, '95, is at the College every Friday. She is taking the course in Daily Themes.

Athletics seem to be in an even more flourishing condition than usual. The tennis courts are largely patronized, in fact are seldom deserted, and the basket-ball teams practice daily. Several matched games have already been played. Golf, too, is flourishing, though it has not yet gained so much favor as basket ball; and the number of bicycles spinning about the grounds was never so great. All indications go to show that Wellesley does not intend to remain in the background in her interest in athletics.

Saturday evening, October 12, the annual reception of the Sophomores to the Freshmen was held. The center at the Main Building was decorated with the cornflower blue of '98, and the pretty tea tables, with their dainty furnishings, made cozy corners everywhere. The special reception was held as usual on the third floor.

Miss Cummings, of the Botany Department, who is enjoying a year of rest away from the College, is expected to return for a visit of a week or two.

The Senior Class has chosen for officers of this year: Miss Margaret Kittinger, vice president; Miss Dartt, recording secretary; Miss Thomas, corresponding secretary; Miss Bullis, treasurer; Miss Kendall and Miss Pullen, historians; Miss Mott, Miss Willis, and Miss Nevers, executive committee.

Sunday, October 13, Rev. Louis B. Paton preached in the chapel. Those who ventured out in the face of the storm felt well repaid for their effort.

The reorganization of the bicycle club took place October 11. A number of students applied for admission at that date.

The officers of '97 for the Junior year are: Helen Gordon, president; Carolyn M. Davis, vice president; Louise Hutcheson, recording secretary; Edith May, corresponding secretary; Mary North, treasurer; Lucy Freeman and Mary Haskell, historians; Hortense Wales and Jennie Warfield, factotums; Elizabeth Evans, Mary Dewson, and Katharine Pinkham, executive committee. This enterprising class conducted their elections by the Australian ballot system. This method seems to be remarkably expeditious, and is worthy of imitation by other classes. The Class of '97 is to be congratulated upon having established so valuable a precedent.

The Magazine Board regrets extremely the resignation of Miss Mary Woodin. Miss Theresa Huntington has been elected in her place.

A row of maples has been set out bordering the path around Stone Hall hill. "Alma Mater's grandchildren" will thus be screened from the fiery sun of June and September, as they wend their way up from the village to the noble edifice on Chapel Hill. Will they come by that path, however?

The tennis match which was to have taken place between the champions of Wellesley and Radcliffe on October 28, has been postponed by the illness of one of the Radcliffe champions. It is feared that no match can now be arranged this fall.

Mr. E. Charlton Black, of Cambridge, lectured on Burns, October 14. Mr. Black showed great sympathy with his subject, and his rendering of Burns's poems was especially delightful.

The Class of '98 has chosen as officers for the following year: Miss Higgins, president; Miss Hayward, vice president; Miss Patterson, recording secretary; Miss Hamblet, corresponding secretary; Miss Seelman, treasurer; Misses Malone and MacMillan, historians.

The announcement has been made that next year domestic work is to be given up, and the tuition increased to four hundred dollars.

Miss Hardy has been unable to meet her classes for some time, owing to serious illness. We are glad to learn that she is improving.

It has been deemed advisable to charge admission to the concerts in the case of outside guests. Henceforward a limited number of tickets will be on sale at fifty cents apiece.

At the tennis tournament, October 14, Miss Mary Dewson, '97, again secured the college championship.

The Boston Wellesley Club met in the Faculty Parlor, Saturday afternoon, October 26. This fact was of importance to undergraduates because of the large number of members of '95 who returned on that day. Among others were Miss Prior, Miss Rogers, Miss Weaver, Miss Kelsey, Miss Brown, and Miss Barnefield.

Saturday the patriotic among Faculty and students repaired to the village for the purpose of registration, and in the evening a Referendum Rally was held.

Sunday, October 27, the Rev. Charles Brown, of Charlestown, preached in the chapel. In the evening Mrs. Montgomery, of Rochester, spoke.

There are still a few '95 "Legendas," which may be had by prompt application to Miss Katherine Fackenthal, College Hall.

Owing to an oversight on the part of the editors, the names of the business editors were incorrectly printed in the October Magazine, and attention is called to the change at this time.

## ALUMNÆ NOTES.

The Boston Wellesley College Club met at Wellesley in Horsford parlor, Saturday afternoon, October 26, with the president, Retta L. Winslow, '88, in the chair. President Irvine addressed the club upon the changes in the College, and Dean Stratton also spoke upon "The Old and the New Wellesley." A social half hour followed the addresses. The meeting was a most delightful one, and was well attended.

AGNES W. DAMON, *Secretary.*

Regular meetings of the Wellesley Club of New York will hereafter be held on the third Saturday of each month, from October to April inclusive, at half past two. Notice of the place of meeting may usually be found in THE WELLESLEY MAGAZINE for the month; and all Wellesley girls in the neighborhood are cordially welcomed at any time as members or guests. The October meeting fell on Saturday the 19th, when Mrs. John D. Barrett entertained the Club at her home, 24 West 71st Street. Especial interest was given to the meeting by the presence of Mrs. Irvine, and a little talk from her of Wellesley. After Mrs. Irvine's talk tea was served, by the kind hospitality of the hostess.

The Boston College Club entertained Ellen Terry 22d October. Among those present were Miss Retta Winslow, '88; Miss Lauderburn and Miss Holley, '90; Miss Minnie Morss and Miss Juliet Wall, '91; Miss Fiske and Mrs. Elinor Bruce Snow, '92; and Miss Frances Pinkham, '93.

Prof. Katharine Lee Bates and Dr. Charlotte F. Roberts, both of '80, spent 18th and 19th October at Smith College.

Miss Laura A. Jones, B.A., '82, M.A., '91, is principal of the Hardy School, Duluth, Mich. With her are Miss Alma Jones, '77–80; Miss Grace L. Darling, Miss Mary R. Eastman, '92; Miss Mary L. Salter, '94; Miss Blanche Marot, Miss Mary L. Marot, and Miss Edith Wright.

Miss Alice Hanson Luce, '83, is doing a second year of German University work. Her subjects are English and German.

Mrs. Louise Palmer Vincent's ('86) address is 5833 Madison Avenue, Chicago.

Miss Clara M. Keefe, '81, has a private pupil in Wellesley, and is also doing graduate work at College.

Miss Sarah J. Storms, '87, is teaching in Prospect Hill School, Greenfield, Mass.

Miss May Bean, '88, is doing graduate work at the College.

Miss Nisba Breckinridge, '88, Miss May Cook, '88, Miss Ethel Glover, '90, Miss Fogg, Miss Isabel Stone, '89, Miss Harriet Stone, '88, are studying at the University of Chicago.

Miss Vennette Crain, '88, has charge of the Hull House Coffee House.

Miss Helen Pierce, '88, is teaching in Waterbury, Conn.

Miss Gertrude Willcox, '88, is in Europe for a year.

On October 5 the following Chicago Shakespeare Society girls saw Ada Rehan in "Taming of the Shrew": Miss Nisba Breckinridge, '88, Miss May Cook, '88, Miss Vennette Crain, '88, Miss Caroline Williamson, '89, Miss Ethel Glover, '90, Miss E. C. Brooks, '95, Miss Christine Caryl, '95.

On October 19 Miss Breckinridge, '88, Miss Cook, '88, Miss Crain, '88, Mrs. Louise Palmer Vincent, '86, Miss Caroline Williamson, '89, Miss Fogg, Miss E. C. Brooks, '95, Miss Marion Ely, '88, saw Julia Marlowe Taber in "As You Like It."

Miss Sara Groff, '89, and Miss Frances Palen, formerly of '89, are teaching in the Girls' High School, Philadelphia.

Miss Eleanor A. McC. Gamble, '89, is studying Philosophy at Cornell University.

Miss Katharine E. Horton, '89, is teaching in the Misses Williams's School, Windsor, Conn.

The engagement of Miss Florence Soule, '89, is announced.

Miss Caroline Williamson, '89, Miss Ethel Glover, '90, Miss Emily Fogg, Miss Christine Caryl, Miss Emma C. Brooks, '95, have clubs or classes at the University of Chicago Settlement.

Miss Clara Bacon, '90, is principal of a seminary in Onarga, Ill.

Miss Katherine Quint, '90, a teacher in Tabor Academy, Marion, N. H., has been granted a year's leave of absence, and will do graduate work in Greek and English at Dartmouth, where she has been admitted by vote of faculty and trustees. Miss Quint is the first woman to study at Dartmouth.

Miss Bell Sherwin, '90, is teaching in Miss Hersey's School, Boston.

Miss Emma Squires, '91, has returned for a third year to her position in Santa Barbara, Cal.

Miss Ada Woolfolk, '91, is teaching English literature in the school of which Miss Knox is principal, at Troy, N. Y.

Miss Cornelia Green, '92, is studying art in Boston. Address 430 Marlborough Street.

Miss Helen Hill, '92, is teaching in the Milwaukee High School (South Division).

Miss Frances Lance, '92, has returned to her position at Quincy, Mass., and comes to the College once a week for work toward an M.A.

Miss Caroline S. Maddocks, '92, took an M.A. from the University of Chicago at the close of the summer term, and is now assistant principal of Miss Lipton's School, Paris, Ken. Miss Maddocks is the successor to Miss M. E. Trundle, some time a member of '93.

Miss Florence Converse, '92, is at her home in New Orleans, preparing for her winter's work.

Miss Josephine Emerson, '92, has completed a course of training with Baron Posse, with a view to teaching gymnastics this winter in Providence.

Miss Ethelwyn Moffatt, '92, is teaching at her home in Cumberland, Md. This is the third year Miss Moffatt has conducted a private school for young ladies.

Miss Florence Wilkinson, '92, read a paper on "Creative Literary Power in College Women," before the Association of Collegiate Alumnæ, at its annual meeting in October, at Cleveland.

Miss Alice Hamlin, '93, has been appointed to a fellowship in Philosophy at Cornell.

Miss Grace G. Rickey, '93, is teaching in the High School, Palmer, Mass.

Mrs. Alice Jones Shedd, '93, has changed her address to Ridge Avenue, Newton Centre, Mass., P.O. Box 443.

Miss Caroline W. Mudgett, Sp., '85–86, '90–93, is teaching literature at Mary Institute, St. Louis, Mo. Address 3420 Washington Avenue.

Miss S. C. W. Benson, '94, is teaching in the High School, Ishpeming, Mich.

Miss Susan D. Huntington, formerly '94, spent September on the Rhine and in Switzerland. Her corrected address is Avenida de la Libertad 40, San Sebastian, Spain.

Miss Fannie B. Green, '94, is keeping house for her mother and sister in Urbana, Ill.

Miss Blanche Thayer, '94, is teaching in South Bethlehem, Penn.

Miss Delia Wyckoff, '94, is studying medicine at Johns Hopkins. The address is 1910 E. Madison Street, Baltimore, Md.

Miss Gertrude Barker, '95, is teaching in Plattsburgh, N. Y.

Miss Clara M. Benson, '95, is teaching in High School and Classical Institute, Schenectady, N. Y.

Miss Josephine D. Brooks, and Miss A. C. Howe, both of '95, are teaching in the High School, Pepperell, Mass.

Miss Alice P. Campbell, '95, is teaching in the High School, Milford, Mass.

Miss Edith D. Dexter, '95, is teaching in Friend's Academy, New Bedford, Mass.

Miss Susanne E. Goddard, '95, is teaching in the High School, Orange, Mass.

Miss Harriet R. Lance, '95, is teaching in Bloomfield, N. J.

Miss Marion Lanee, '95, substituted in the Bloomfield, N. J., High School during October.

Miss Annie M. Leonard, and Miss Charlotte Goodrich, both of '95, are teaching in the Pennsylvania School, Philadelphia, Penn.

Miss Mary H. Lines, '95, is teaching in Mrs. Starrett's School, Oak Park, Ill.

Miss Florence Shirley, '95, was at the College, October 19, and is teaching at Milton, Mass.

Miss Marian P. Stover, '95, is teaching in the University of the Northwest, Mormgude, Sioux City, Ia.

Miss Emma L. Wells, '95, is teaching in the High School, St. Cloud, Minn.

Miss Mary Knowlton, Sp., '94–95, is Superintendent of Music in the Schools at West Chester, Penn.

The fall meeting of the College Settlements Association was held at Denison House, Boston, Saturday, October 12. Representatives from Smith, Wellesley, Vassar, Bryn Mawr, Radcliffe, Paeker, Swarthmore, Barnard, Cornell, were present. A public meeting was held at Association Hall, Monday, Oetober 14. The speakers were Miss Susan Walker, Bryn Mawr, for the Assoeiation; Miss Ada Woolfolk, Wellesley, for the New York Settlement; Miss Katharine Davis, Vassar, for the Philadelphia Settlement; Mr. MeNeil and Rev. C. H. Brent, for Denison House. Miss Helena Dudley, head worker at Denison House, presided.

Denison House, the Boston College Settlement, is proud to tell its friends of its prospects for enlarged activity. The house now occupied and

the next house, No. 91 Tyler Street, have been bought by some one who will rent them to the Settlement, content with six per cent on the investment. This will so reduce the rent rate that the two houses will be had for only one hundred dollars more a year than has been paid for one. The houses are to be connected, and the lower floor of 91 is to be thrown into a large room, of which the Wellesley girls who have visited the Settlement on Thursday evenings will recognize the need. There will be additional class rooms, a new resident's sitting room, and accommodation for five more residents. The work will surely keep pace with its new opportunities, and the house should be a center of delight to the neighborhood. To repair and furnish the new house, $4,000 must be raised; $1,000 of this is already promised. Denison House hopes that as many pleasant associations with the different colleges may gather around the new house as those which give a special charm to almost every room in the old. The room furnished by Wellesley in No. 93 is now set apart for the use of the head worker.

There will be a fair at Hotel Vendome, Boston, November 27, from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M., for the benefit of the Industrial School for the Colored. Contributions, fancy work, sketches, pictures, are asked, and may be sent to Miss M. R. Keller, Wellesley. For further notice see the *Boston Transcript* for November 11.

The October weeks at Denison House have marked the transition from the work which characterizes summer life to that of the more earnest life of winter. With one or two exceptions the residents for the year have taken their places, hence the number of transient visitors decreases and the house assumes the stable aspect of home.

Out-of-door life, which means country and flowers, to weary city workers and children, and the vacation school which embodied the important features of settlement work this summer, have given way to classes and clubs which are to continue through the winter. Literature, travel, French, spelling, and writing classes have begun, and others in Art, Drawing, and various subjects are to be organized.

Especially favorable and promising is the outlook for clubs: those for children, the mothers, and young people, have started out with full member-

ship. Dr. Brown, of San Francisco, met with the mothers October 18, and gave a helpful talk. Through the Hudson Street Kindergarten it is possible for the Mother's Club to reach a larger circle of people than can be done by any of our other clubs. Once a month the mothers of all children, about sixty in number, attending the Kindergarten, are invited to a tea at the school, and a smaller club of twenty-five meets regularly at Denison House. The Fortnightly Club of young men and women is a new departure. The Thursday evening parties will form, as heretofore, a regular feature of our social life.

It is a pleasure to feel able to rely upon the Wellesley Chapter for co-operation this coming year and to look forward to a continuation of her hearty support.

## MARRIAGES.

Holmes–Dole.—In Winchendon, Mass., Sept. 3, 1895, Miss Dorothy Lees Dole, '89, and Mr. Benjamin Blake Holmes, of Brooklyn Hill Institute.

Whistler–Stevens.—At 138 St. Botolph St., Boston, Miss Mary Lowe Stevens, '89, to Mr. John T. Whistler.

Potter–Arnold.—In Worcester, Mass., July 9, 1895, Miss Anna Louise Arnold, '90, to Mr. Elmer Carlton Potter. At home, 120 Elm St., Worcester. (Mr. Potter teaches in Worcester High School.)

Kingsley–Cook.—In Detroit, Mich., Aug. 28, 1895, Miss Bessie Lesquereux Cook, '90, to Mr. Sherman C. Kingsley. At home, 542 Columbus Ave., Boston.

Haynes–Trundle.—In July, 1895, Miss M. E. Trundle to Mr. W. D. Haynes, of Paris, Ky.

## BIRTHS.

October 3, 1895, a daughter, Marjory Lois, to Mrs. Maud Fales Strong, '88.

July 2, a son, George Lovering, to Mary Walker Porter, '89.

## DEATHS.

October 20, 1895, Mr. Warner J. Banes, husband of Mrs. Stella Wrenn Banes, '88.

WHEREAS, It has seemed best to our Heavenly Father, in his mercy and providence, to remove from among us our beloved classmate and friend, Lena Brown Preston, be it

*Resolved*, That we, the Class of '90, hereby express our sorrow for the loss we have suffered, and offer our deepest sympathy to her husband, her family, and her friends in their bereavement.

*Resolved*, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to her family, and that a copy be sent for publication in the WELLESLEY MAGAZINE.

[Signed.] MARY D. E. LAUDERBURN.
JENNIE CORY LINDSEY.
HENRIETTA E. HARDY.

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